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SPECIAL REPORT/SCHOOL VIOLENCE

TIME



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A detailed photograph of the front interior of a Volvo car. The view is from the driver's side, looking towards the passenger seat. The leather-upholstered front seats are a light tan color with visible stitching. The center console features a gear shifter with a wooden knob and handbrake. The dashboard and steering wheel are also in a matching light tan color. The instrument cluster and center stack have dark trim. The overall lighting is warm and soft, highlighting the textures of the leather and wood.

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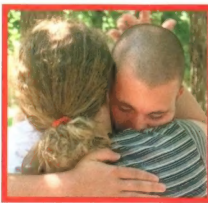
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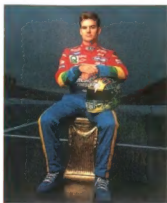
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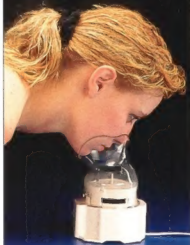
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TO OUR READERS

Covering the Violence

BACK WHEN I WAS IN SCHOOL, THE SURREAL FEAR HOVERING ABOVE OUR HEADS was about the atom bomb. Our duck-and-cover drills were designed to protect us, somehow, from the Big One. Nowadays, we drill our kids on what to do if a classmate goes nuclear. It's an unlikely scenario, just as the Bomb was. But when you eavesdrop on kids these days, there's the painful possibility you'll hear them speculating on who in their class might be most likely to play Doom for real. The shootings at Columbine, Conyers and elsewhere remind us that the threats we face amid our end-of-the-century prosperity may often be close to home. Very close.

We have a tendency in the U.S. to wrestle with a complex topic like school violence by setting it up as a political debate, such as Is it the proliferation of guns or the increase in violence in the media that's more to blame? Most parents realize it's both—there's no reason that kids should have easy access to arsenals of weapons or that their movies and games should revolve around gruesome fantasy killings—and a lot more as well.

We've tried to cover both these issues fully, and we've also explored such topics as the Internet, attention-deficit disorder, cliques and gangs, homework, hunting, and ways to create better schools and students. After the Conyers incident last week, we decided to do another special report, this one focusing on how to spot and treat troubled kids.

The media have been questioned about giving too much attention to these school shootings. But as the worried father of a third-grader, I think the bigger danger is that we will start paying too little attention to them. The more information we have about these cases, and the more we discuss the issues, the better. We've also been criticized for glorifying the perpetrators by putting their pictures on the air and in our pages. But I feel it's important to see how "normal" these kids can look and to worry a bit more whether they could be the kids next door, or even our own.

Our cover this week was done by photographer and illustrator Matt Mahurin. Look at it carefully: it's a young model he photographed twice, looking sweet and then sinister, and merged into one image with a little gun in his left eye.

The opening essay was written by Nancy Gibbs, whose cover story on Columbine a month ago was so moving it almost made me cry. The Conyers shooting was covered by Atlanta bureau chief Sylvester Monroe, Miami bureau chief Tim Padgett and reporters Tim Roche and David Nordan. The story was written by John Cloud, who did an amazing piece last July about what the various school shooters up to that point had in common. Our story on spotting troubled kids was written by assistant managing editor Howard Chua-Eoan, who usually edits our big news stories but occasionally feels compelled to write them himself. He relied on reporting by senior reporter Alice Park, who last week was at the American Psychiatric Association conference in Washington, and writer-reporter Jodie Morse, who had the delicate task of persuading clinically depressed kids and their parents to talk on the record.

Covering school shootings is difficult. It requires a sensitivity to the delicate world of adolescence, of moods and emotions. So, likewise, does raising a kid—or making policy that affects kids—in this unerving period. Which is why we think that covering these stories and all the surrounding issues remains so important.

Walter Isaacson, Managing Editor



THE TEAM:
Nordan,
Monroe,
Padgett and
Roche in
Atlanta; Park,
far left, and
Morse



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Richard Stengel/New York

Walking the Hallways In Some Big Shoes

Our man is Principal for a Day and learns all about fish cakes and dinosaurs

I KNOW THE SECRET TO BEING a New York City elementary school principal. It's just four words: "Where do you belong?" The question is uttered in a tone at once stern and fond to any child, however small and winsome, found wandering the halls of school between periods.

I discovered this on a recent Thursday when I was officially principal of P.S. 154, on West 127th Street in Harlem. I learned it from Elizabeth Jarrett, 41, the school's everyday principal, a soft-spoken former special-ed teacher who has turned the school around from one that was getting failing grades only three years ago to one that is bright and cheerful and scoring above the state average.

Every morning at nine, Jarrett slips on a pair of flats and begins roaming the three floors of P.S. 154. After observing her ask The Question a number of times of wayward small folk, I tried it myself. When I spotted five-year-old Kenny in baggy jeans slinking along the wall on the second floor, I strode up to him and

said, "Where do you belong?" He looked down, shuffled his little Nikes and mumbled the number of a classroom before shooting me a look that said, "Where do you belong?"

Good question, Kenny. I

teachers and an annual budget bigger than the combined military spending of NATO's three newest members: \$8.9 billion.

Principal for a Day is in its fifth year, and has become a ritual for some of New York's Armani altruists, whose charity is usually limited to black-tie benefits. But seeing kids and teachers struggling to do the right thing in crumbling old school buildings has got industrialists and corporations to cough up real money for new playgrounds and gardens and reading and tutoring programs, including \$10 million for new books. This year, for the first time, Los Angeles and

fish cakes and chocolate milk. (Almost 95% of the kids at P.S. 154 qualify for the city's free-lunch program, which means their families are below the poverty line.) I shot some hoops on the playground after lunch and was dismayed to see that all the hot-shot fifth-graders insisted on heaving air-balls from practically the 3-point line. (They blithely ignored their principal's exhortations to pass.) A principal, as it turns out, is part educator, part psychologist, part parent placater, part cop, part coach and part janitor.

The question "Where do you belong?" is appropriate in a larger sense because Elizabeth Jarrett has fostered a sense of community at her school. From 9:30 till 11 each morning every class works on reading and writing. Nearly half the students stay after school, from 3 to 5 for extra learning. Jarrett has started afternoon workshops for parents. She's had the place painted a rainbow of pop colors, from hot pink to lime green. And she seems to know the name of each one of the 612 students who skip down the halls. This feat is even harder than it sounds. Just listen to the school's symphony of exotic names: Brandasia. Kwanzaa. Romel. Jetyia. Falilon. Raven. Sade. Taisheen. Chanice. Mowaber. And Destynée.

At the end of the long day I stumbled into the teacher's lounge, where instead of packing up to go home my staff was laughing about the antics of some of the students. As I walked out, a tiny girl from pre-K came out of the bathroom next door and tugged me on the sleeve. "Somebody put a whole roll of toilet paper in the toilet," she said, "and now it's broken, but it wasn't me, I swear." Though I had only been principal for a day, I knew by now how to take charge of this sort of situation. "Where do you belong?" I asked.



Writer Stengel tests his skills with a computer teacher and students

belonged to a group of 1,050 New Yorkers who participated in the annual Principal for a Day program run jointly by the Board of Education and a nonprofit group called PENCIL (Public Education Needs Civic Involvement in Learning). The idea is simple: get corporate and civic leaders involved with the city's public schools. This year's participants ranged from First Principal Hillary Clinton to actor Billy Baldwin. The program is part p.r., part guilt alleviation for well-heeled New Yorkers and part real insight into the New York City school system, which is the nation's largest, with 1,136 schools, more than a million students, 63,000

Hillary Clinton joins a town meeting for fellow principals

Chicago have initiated copycat programs. Principal for a Day is one of the few areas of harmony between New York's warring Rudys: Mayor Rudy Giuliani and Schools Chancellor Rudy Crew.

During my day at P.S. 154, I participated in a blind taste test of Skippy peanut butter vs. a no-name brand in Ms. Gatling's second-grade science class. I diagrammed a sentence about dinosaurs in Mr. De-Jesus' reading class. (One girl suggested that the dinosaurs became extinct because they didn't eat breakfast.) At 11, I washed my hands along with the four-year-olds of Ms. Harding's pre-K class before joining them in scarfing down their city-provided lunch of



“Somebody put a roll of paper in the toilet, but it wasn't me.”

—A YOUNG STUDENT



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L E T T E R S



Growing Up Online

"Unless parents carry around the computer wherever they go, kids will visit sites that they shouldn't. Kids go where they want."

RYAN NEE, 16
Golden, Colo.

EVERY TIME SOMETHING HAPPENS IN America, such as a violent crime committed by youngsters, our society and our politicians are quick to blame television, music, video games and the Internet [FAMILIES, May 10]—anything but the people who committed the crime. It's about time that society realized that young people are not easily programmable by whatever the Internet or MTV may try to feed them. I've played some of the most violent video games, but I don't have the urge to make killing a reality. Like many other young people across this world, I have common sense and the ability to think and choose for myself.

ADAM ROBINSON, 20
College Park, Md.

I WAS IN LAW SCHOOL AND IN MY EARLY 30s when I first played the game Doom. I soon caught the fever; Doom is nothing if not intense. For several weeks, if I wasn't studying or in class, I was playing Doom. If the game can affect a law student this way, I can only imagine the effect it must have on immature high school losers. I am convinced that violent computer games, much like alcohol and pornography, should be kept out of the hands of those younger than age 21.

ANDREW PARMA
San Antonio, Texas

THERE IS NOTHING THAT ADULTS CAN DO to completely protect their children from things on the Internet. Unless parents carry around the computer wherever they go, kids will visit sites that they shouldn't. Kids go where they want. In your article, I noticed a lot about parents' blocking their children's access with various programs. But many youngsters know how to turn off these programs manually despite password protection. It is extremely easy to do. Kids rule the Internet, and they always will because adults are out of touch with technology.

RYAN NEE, 16
Golden, Colo.

I HAVE GROWN UP WITH THE INTERNET, so I know firsthand what the dangers are and what the pleasures can be. Those who say violent games are the reason for the Colorado high school shootings must not have played the games all that much. I have played every 3-D shoot-'em-up there is. The games don't desensitize people. If adults try to limit what kids do on the Internet, they are limiting information that can help them later in life.

DAVID GREGORY, 15
Boulder Creek, Calif.

NO PARENT WHO IS TRULY INTERESTED IN the overall welfare of the family should allow children to play video games more than 30 minutes a day. Children must be taught to be well-rounded people with a wide variety of interests.

LAURENCE A. CRAFT
St. Louis, Mo.

AS THE MOTHER OF TWO YOUNG BOYS, I say a parent is responsible for the actions of his or her children. My husband and I take turns being in the room with the children when the computer is in use. We say how long they will be allowed online. Also, as working parents, we must know what the children are doing when they are not with us. When they have friends over, we check on what they're doing. My husband and I will do anything to find out what they are up to. And if they just want to talk, they will know that we are here for them.

SUSSY E. SILVA-GRAFFEO
East Islip, N.Y.

PLAYING VIOLENT VIDEO GAMES DOES NOT necessarily desensitize the player to atrocities, but the social isolation that goes along with an addiction to such games can. Even when competing against a real-life person, a player has almost no social interaction. These games can be dangerous when taken in large doses.

MIKE DOJC
Toronto

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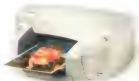
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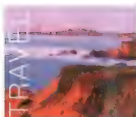
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At the Kosovo Corral

IS THE AMERICAN PUBLIC READY FOR ITS military forces to occupy Kosovo, with the likelihood of additional casualties [WORLD, May 10], or could it leave the job to some of its tough allies that have bolstered the U.S. in military engagements throughout the century? Once the sheriff has quelled the brawl, he can always leave it to his deputies to man the stockade.

JAMES PATERSON
Auckland, New Zealand

Another View of the Bombings

AFTER READING THE ACCOUNTS OF Yugoslav readers describing what it is like to be under attack [LETTERS, May 3], I have to respond. A million Bosnians could explain how it feels to be bombed at night, with descriptions of wet basements or shelters. I'm sorry about reader Vid Stanulovic's 5½-month-old daughter.

IMPOSSIBLE MISSIONS



While readers don't always agree with the Rev. Jesse Jackson's political positions, many praised him for rescuing the three American POWs in Belgrade [WORLD, May 10]. A number of folks proposed enlisting Jackson for other tricky missions. Julio Lewis of Haleah, Fla., wanted Jackson to "persuade Castro to have free elections and liberate four human-rights activists incarcerated in Cuba." Bruce Johnson of Mankato, Minn., thought Jackson's considerable negotiating strengths and skills should be offered to the National Rifle Association to help it come up with sensible restrictions and limitations on handguns. But Jackson's critics felt he didn't do the U.S. any good. From Rome, Franco Sciatto noted, "The peaceful preacher helped Milosevic look like a generous winner." And Colbert E. Cushing of Estes Park, Colo., objected even more strongly: "We should have traded Jackson for the three POWs."

but he is lucky because she is better and alive. How many Bosnians, Croats and Albanians can see their babies only in photographs? Where were the Yugoslavs when the kids of Sarajevo and Srebrenica were killed by bombs?

AHMED HADROVIC
Istanbul

Viva Las Vegas!

IF OSCAR GOODMAN IS ELECTED MAYOR of Las Vegas, it will be one of the best things that could happen to this city [AMERICAN SCENE, May 10]. As an attorney, he has performed to the best of his ability his duty to his clients, even though they have included alleged mobsters. I believe he would do the same for this city. Please don't judge Sin City unless you have stepped outside the entertainment strip. There are hundreds of well-attended churches. Where else can you go shopping at 2 a.m. to replace the microwave that just quit on you? Or buy milk at a regular grocery store at 3 a.m. and not get ripped off by a convenience store? We are just a normal city with an unusual source of income.

CAROLYN GARRISON
Las Vegas

Will It Come Home to Roost?

YOUR ARTICLE FORECASTING GENETICALLY engineered, four-legged chickens [GENETICS, May 10] reminded me of the story about a farmer who accomplished the feat through selective breeding. When asked how the four-leggers tasted, he was forced to reply, "Don't know. Haven't caught one yet."

JOHN CAUGHN
Center Point, Iowa

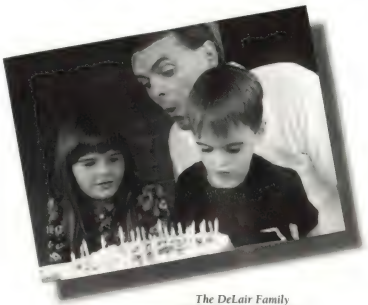
Homespun Platitude

RE HILLARY CLINTON'S QUOTE INTRODUCING the President for a gun-control speech: "Part of growing up is learning to control one's impulses" [NOTEBOOK, May 10]. One wonders why she didn't give this bit of homespun philosophy to husband Bill.

HELEN KLECKNER
Conshohocken, Pa.

Tracking the Neanderthals

AS AN ANTHROPOLOGIST, I FIRMLY OBJECT to the theories presented by paleoanthropologist Erik Trinkaus [PALEONTOLOGY, May 3], who supports the idea that there was interbreeding between prehistoric Neanderthals and early *Homo sapiens*. Archaeologists merely uncovered a single skeleton of a child with a mixture of modern and Neanderthal features. To



The DeLair Family
Trish, Kevin, Jen & Jon Jon
The family that played and stayed together,
were killed by a drunk driver together
June 6, 1992, Butler, PA



If you don't stop someone from driving drunk, who will? Do whatever it takes.

FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS DRIVE DRUNK.



U.S. Department of Transportation

Dineh and Pooneh Mohajer have a small business that's quickly growing into a big one. They make cosmetics.

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*SOFRES, Inc./Scan® Windows 95 User Reliability Study 6/96. Participants using Windows NT Workstation were about three times less likely to experience serious system stoppages than Windows 95 users surveyed.
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All of the artists' royalties and Warner Bros. Records' profits from this album will be donated to Save America's Treasures at the National Trust for Historic Preservation, a national effort led by First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton to protect America's threatened historic landmarks, documents and artifacts.

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deduce that this indicates a peaceful coexistence or gradual immersion of Neanderthals into the *Homo sapiens* gene pool is groundless and inconsistent in the face of DNA testing recently conducted. The Neanderthals, like other hominids, are no more. Perhaps mankind's evolution was a more violent affair than we would like to believe. Yet even today the killing continues.

KEVIN M. KIRBY
Sydney

A Pill That the Guys Take

YOUR COMPILATION OF ADS FROM AGENCIES "If Men Took the Pill," about how to promote an oral contraceptive for men, was amusing [NOTEBOOK, May 10]. But what a waste of scientific research! Will the woman who wants to trust a male with the sole responsibility for contraception please step forward? What? No one will? What a surprise.

KIMBERLY J. BAKIC
Anchorage, Alaska

THOSE WERE SOME CLEVER ADS FOR MALE oral contraceptives. The ancient Israelites and Romans knew the significance of testicles. The words testify, testimony and testicle all come from the Latin *testis*, for testicles. When Roman men gave testimony, they held their testicles in their hand, for they regarded them as sacred. This custom is mentioned in the Old Testament. In the King James translation, the passage reads, "And Abraham said: unto his eldest servant of his house ... Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh: And I will make thee swear ..." In the future when Hollywood makes a biblical or Roman epic, it might include a scene of a man testifying in the authentic manner ... a reel grabber.

TOM GILL
North Beach, Md.

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TIME

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NOTEBOOK

VERBATIM

“Oh, my God. I’m so scared.”

THOMAS SOLOMON JR., 15,
per witnesses, after he
surrendered his gun to an
assistant principal, having
shot and injured six students

**“Is there not a single gun-
control measure out there
... that you would think ...
might lead to increased
safety?”**

DAVID CORN,
guest co-host of *Crossfire*

“[A] steady hand.”

SENATOR BOB SMITH,
New Hampshire Republican
and presidential hopeful,
in reply

**“After these last six years,
I’ve got charisma fatigue.”**

DICK ARMEY,
House majority leader on
who wins the charisma battle.
Al Gore or George W. Bush

**“This may be an ancient
tradition, but it’s new
to us.”**

RICHARD MARKISHTUM,
fisherman, after Makah
Indians caught their first
whale in 70 years



SWORDS OR PLOWSHARES? Israelis bestow upon their most decorated soldier, Ehud Barak, his most shining honor yet: the prime ministership. Is the ex-army chief a dove in commando's clothing? Proponents of peace hope so

WINNERS & LOSERS



JEFFREY KATZENBERG
You just won the Mouse trial. What are you going to do next? “I’m going to steer clear of Disneyland!”

JAMES CARVILLE
He guides Ehud Barak to the promised land. Ragin’ Cajun now the Toast of Tel Aviv. L’chaim!

SUSAN LUCCI
Wins Emmy after 19 tries but edits reference to President Carter in acceptance speech

BOB DOLE
Caught speaking favorably of a candidate other than his wife. Now he has another E.D. to worry about

SHAQUILLE O’NEILL
Fined for not leaving court in a “timely fashion.” Hey, they never slap Rehnquist with that one

MONARCH BUTTERFLY
Genetically altered corn may be lethal to the monarch butterfly. Proletariat butterflies, unite!



Barak: Solomon/AP; Corn: CBS; Smith: AP; Arme: ABC; Markishtum: AP; Katzenberg: NBC; Carville: ABC; Dole: NBC; O'Neill: ABC; Butterfly: AP

CHINA

Leaked Secrets: Dumb or Deliberate?

STEVE BRYEN IS THE YODA OF THE ARMS trade. Formerly the Defense Department's export czar, he knows every sinkhole in the regulatory swamp. Ignore him at your peril—as executives of Space Systems/Loral found out. A 700-page report to be issued this week by a select House committee chaired by Republican Representative **CHRISTOPHER COX** of California tells how, on April 11, 1996, Bryen warned Loral President Robert Berry not to give China any technical help without first getting State Department permission. Berry had just announced the assignment of top company engineer Wah Lim to head a panel of Western scientists who would advise China on possible causes of three rocket failures, the most recent of which had destroyed a Loral

satellite. Fixing glitches in China's rocket-guidance system was in Loral's interest, but, Bryen cautioned, it could also improve the reach and accuracy of the country's ballistic missiles, in violation of U.S. laws.

Berry and his senior team agreed but did almost nothing to alert Wah Lim, according to the report. On May 7, 1996, without informing State, Lim assistant Nick Yen faxed the panel's draft conclusions to scientists in Beijing. Soon after, the rockets' reliability improved dramatically. State and Defense Department officials found out about the Loral fax, went ballistic and called in the Justice Department. Loral executives insist the fax was a clerical error, but federal and congressional investigators want answers: Did Loral vips deliberately choose not to know too much so China could get what it wanted? —*By Elaine Shannon/Washington*



Cox

FAMILIES

And We Thought Some of The Kennedys Were Bad

WHAT'S IN A NAME? WHEN YOU'RE CALLED **CHARLES DE GAULLE** and you are the grandson of France's legendary President, quite a lot. That's why 57 members of *le général's* family published a petition last week denouncing the latter-day Charles for joining forces with far-right leader **JEAN-MARIE LE PEN**, head of the racist and xenophobic National Front Party. "Non!" the petitioners said to De Gaulle's decision to accept the No. 2 slot

on the National Front ticket for next month's European Parliament elections. "The name you bear does not belong to you," they declared, calling his candidacy an "insult to the life and memory of our grandfather and great-uncle." Undaunted, the late President's namesake replied that Le Pen, an ex-paratrooper accused of torturing prisoners during the Algerian war, has "the same ideas as the general," because he defends "the independence of France." The next family reunion could be quite galling. —*By Thomas Sanction/Paris*



De Gaulle

DIPLOMACY

Ex-General to Be Israel's Ambassador to the U.S.?

A FEW MONTHS AGO, ISRAEL'S FORMER army chief, **ANNON LIPKIN-SHAHAK**, was putting himself forward as a future Prime Minister. Though his candidacy quickly flopped, the retired general may be up for a lesser but still desirable job: ambassador to the U.S.

The Center Party that Lipkin-Shahak represents in the newly elected parliament is almost certain to be a governing partner with the party of Prime Minister-elect **EHUD BARAK**, who preceded Lipkin-Shahak as military chief of staff. And the two generals were once close, though their relationship tensed over Lipkin-Shahak's initial decision to run against Barak, instead of beside him, in the Labor Party.

Lipkin-Shahak's would-be host seems to be in his corner. "From Washington, he looks good," says a State Department official. As military chief he gained considerable experience working with the Americans. The U.S. likes the idea of resuming land-for-peace negotiations between Israel and Syria at the ambassadorial level in Washington. "Lipkin-Shahak knows the issues, has the credibility and knows how to keep a secret," says the State Department source. Plus, if talks between the two nations take place in Washington, the U.S. remains fully in the picture and positioned to claim a foreign policy coup, should negotiations bear fruit. —*By Lisa Beyer/Jerusalem*



Lipkin-Shahak

THE DRAWING BOARD

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Star Wars vs. Star Wars

The rises and falls of the *Star Wars* movie franchise and the national defense system known by the same name are eerily concurrent. Is it coincidence, or is it the Force?

1977-83 *Star Wars* trilogy premieres

1983 Reagan calls Soviet Union the "evil empire"; announces *Star Wars* initiative

1987 *Spaceballs* parodies the Force

1988 Reagan says Soviet Union is no longer the evil empire

1993 *Jurassic Park* strikes down *Star Wars* record for box-office gross

1993 New York Times reports *Star Wars* technology more science fiction than science

1999 *Phantom Menace* released

1999 Clinton urges *Star Wars* Lite missile-defense system; Congress approves

2003 Second prequel scheduled for release

2005 Proposed missile system scheduled for completion

Ten Years After Tiananmen

Next week is the anniversary of the massacre of protesting Chinese students in Tiananmen Square. Here's what has happened to some participants who survived.



FANG LIZHI Astrophysicist Fang, an inspiration to the students, sought refuge at the U.S. embassy during the uprising. A year later he and his wife were permitted to leave China for England. Since 1992 he has been teaching physics at the University of Arizona.



ZHAO ZIYANG General Secretary of the Communist Party, Zhao was a student sympathizer and reformist. He has been under informal house arrest since the uprising. Last year he publicly released a letter asking government leaders to declare Tiananmen a terrible mistake.



BAO TONG A top aide to Zhao, Bao was arrested and imprisoned days before the uprising. He was released in May 1998. This March he too sent a passionate letter to China's leaders, urging them to reassess Tiananmen and call the suppression of the student demonstrators wrong.



WANG DAN A history student at Beijing University, Wang was one of the protest's organizers. He served almost seven years in prison and was released in April 1998—two months before President Clinton's visit—for medical reasons. He is now a student at Harvard.



CHAI LING A psychology student and a leader in the uprising, she fled to France. Now living in the U.S., head of her own Internet company, Jenzabar.com, she says, "This year I feel at peace. I have a sense of joy to see how our Tiananmen generation was able to overcome tragedy."



WUOR KAIXI One of the most charismatic student leaders, Wuor became known for his televised exchange with then Premier Li Peng. He escaped to France and later studied at Harvard. He was granted permanent residence by Taiwan, where he worked as a talk-show host.



TANK MAN: The identity (and fate) of the unarmed man who faced down tanks is unknown.

PORK TALK

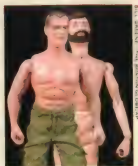
HEY, PIG SPENDER Congress never met a bill it couldn't stuff with special spending programs. The emergency appropriations bill for NATO's attack on Yugoslavia is particularly porky. Some of the "emergencies" that seem the least urgent:

- A new dorm for House pages (\$3.7 million)
- Subsidies for Dutchess crab fishermen (\$23 million)
- A new broadcast satellite (\$48 million)
- Extra water for San Carlos Lake in Arizona (\$1.5 million)
- Extra money for disasters that haven't happened yet (could be up to \$528 million)



TOY BOYS

IT'S NOT JUST BARBIE A study published in last week's *International Journal of Eating Disorders* found that popular male action figures like G.I. Joe have been popping the plastic steroids a little too zealously. The G.I. Joe of the 1960s had biceps equivalent to those of an average man, about 12 in. But the 1997 iteration, G.I. Joe Extreme, had biceps measuring 26 in. Poor Mark McGwire. His are a piddling 20.



JOEL STEIN

I Wouldn't Eat That if I Were You

THE LAST ECONOMIC BOOM, PEOPLE PAID GUYS TO score them coke and hookers. I was in high school at the time, but that's what I gathered from Bret Easton Ellis novels. These days, when name dropping has been replaced by gym dropping ("I was wondering, while I was on the Stair Master..."), rich people are spending their money to keep pleasure away from them. I know a guy who belongs to a gym that charges him extra for not going. And I've got a guy who keeps me from getting the phone numbers of hot, dangerous women. He's called my hairdresser.

There is also a guy you can hire to sit at your table at a restaurant to prevent you from ordering high-fat foods, like some sort of Zone Diet Escort Service. So last Thursday I called this guy, surrogate willpower professional David Kirsch, a gym owner who gets \$150 an hour as a trainer, and asked him to dinner. But since Kirsch has so many celebrity clients (Ivana Trump buys him dinner often, and model James King paid him to go with her to Paris restaurants during the runway shows), he already had plans. So he agreed to come over to my office at 11 p.m. to watch me snack.

David, a cross between Cal Ripken and a machine that crushes cars, was in my office for about three minutes before he jumped up, ran his hands over my upper body and estimated my body-fat percentage. Here my notes say just that "he touched me in funny places." I don't know if I was trying to be a thorough reporter or just really well instructed from that *ABC Afterschool Special*.

I took him around the office, where several writers and I scavenged for snacks, as is our nightly ritual. On our way to Bar-

bara's Drawer of Chocolate, we passed some peanuts and pretzel sticks. "Did you set this up?" he asked incredulously. "Did you just put this here?" Seeing his reaction to mildly high-carb and high-fat foods, I circumvented Barbara's Drawer and took him to Ray's Closet of Low-Fat Snacks. He was not impressed. "In the late '80s, the dairy industry and the packaged-goods industry created this low-fat and no-fat bulls...," he said slowly and quietly, as if we were on *The X-Files*. "Nothing has caused obesity more." A friend of mine in the office started calling him "The Snackalator."

A former lawyer, David says people crave the kind of discipline he offers. "There's organized religion and organized government," he said. "We need order in our life." Although he does not dictate what his dinner companions should eat, and has never used physical force to come between a model and a French fry, he does employ a searing, disapproving look that, oddly, just made me miss my mother.

Kirsch was a great guy, and his tip about how the fig doesn't really justify the newton was helpful. I'm not against the idea of employing such courtiers, but when I get rich, I'm thinking more like erotic dancer, personal chef and even a poet, just so I can make fun of how lame poetry is and force him to wear a hat with bells and a codpiece.

But I worry that we are going to become free-will invalids. People have stylists, dog walkers and personal shoppers. Am I supposed to hire a couples therapist to follow me around so I don't cheat on my girlfriend, and a music critic to hide my Bruce Hornsby CDs? I don't want to live in that world. Mostly because I can't afford to.



60 SECOND SYMPOSIUM

ANIMATED DISCUSSION

Ehud Barak's prominent facial mole will make him a popular man among caricaturists. We asked political cartoonists to name other political figures they thought were particularly enjoyable targets.

STEPHEN BREEN, *Asbury Park Press*

Steve Forbes is my favorite to draw because he looks like he's on some kind of controlled substance. He has these wonderfully goofy eyeballs and this kind of semimanicured smile. I noticed he changed his hair within the last couple of years. He looks a little more presidential, which is bad for us. We like the goofy hair.



JACK OHMAN, *The Oregonian*

I like drawing Dan Quayle because I think he looks like a Furby or one of the Campbell's soup kids, and frankly some of the other people out in politics today look like Mr. Potato Heads. Everybody is so bland looking. Those are the kinds of people that drive you crazy. My idea of hell would be having to draw George W. Bush for eight years.



RANAN LURIE, *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*

I would say Brezhnev. His face was like an ancient map of his character. It reflected so much of his personality and gave you several different ways to express the same features. If once in a blue moon he smiled, it was such a rarity that it was like a scoop. I was impressed with how his viciousness just spread into his face.



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MILESTONES

INDICTED. ALI MOHAMED, 46, former Army sergeant; on federal charges that he helped train terrorists implicated in the World Trade Center bombing and those suspected of last summer's U.S. embassy bombing in Kenya; in New York City. Mohamed is an Egyptian native whose three-year U.S. Army stint ended in 1989.

PLEADED GUILTY. YAH LUN ("Charlie") **TRIE**, 49, Democratic fund raiser and Clinton crony; to two counts of violating federal election laws; in Little Rock, Ark. He pledged to cooperate with the Justice Department's campaign-finance inquiry in exchange for immunity and probation.

WON. JEFFREY KATZENBERG, former Disney filmmaking big cheese; his ongoing lawsuit against Walt Disney Co.; in Los Angeles. A judge ruled that Katzenberg is owed a slice of the profits, plus interest, from films and related products he oversaw as Disney's studio chief from 1984 to 1994. The trial resumes this week to determine Katzenberg's compensation, which could hit the quarter-billion-dollar mark.



DIED. GEORGETTE SMITH, 42, shooting victim; of gunshot wounds sustained in March; after being removed from life support; in Orlando, Fla. Smith's mother, Shirley Egan, 68, had already been charged with attempted murder



for the shooting and now may face a murder charge. Egan allegedly shot her daughter after overhearing her talk about moving Egan to a nursing home.

DIED. HENRY JONES, 86, Everyman actor; of injuries suffered in a fall at his home; in Los Angeles. Jones' neighborly face and subtle acting skill allowed him to slip unnoticed into roles in 350 television shows and dozens of films and films. A favorite of Alfred Hitchcock's, Jones appeared most memorably as the coroner in *Vertigo*.

DIED. JOHN MINOR WISDOM, 93, pioneering civil rights judge and an architect of the New South; in New Orleans. Wisdom was one of four judges of the South's Fifth Circuit in the 1950s and '60s whose opinions helped end segregation (see *EULOGY*).

NUMBERS



\$725 million Total fines the Justice Department levied on two of the world's largest drug companies for

fixing vitamin prices

\$1.4 billion Other antitrust fines collected by Justice since 1997

\$95 million Annual budget for Justice's antitrust division



\$28.5 million

Box-office receipts on the opening day of

Star Wars: Episode I

\$300 million Estimated cost to the economy of people's skipping work to see the movie

77% Proportion of parents surveyed who say they would like to use a V-chip to block TV programs, if they had one

2 Number of nationwide electronics chain stores that stopped selling V-chip decoder boxes, for lack of interest



3% Teenage girls in Fiji with eating disorders in 1995, before TV arrived

15% Fijian girls with eating disorders three years after the islands got TV

Sources: Washington Post; CNN AP; L.A. Times; Kaiser Foundation

EULOGY

JOHN MINOR WISDOM was one of the earliest and most influential voices against racial segregation. As a federal judge with jurisdiction over six states of the old Confederacy, Wisdom helped lead the South into the modern age by striking down barriers of racial discrimination in voting, jury selection, employment, schools, jails, public parks, playgrounds, hotels, restaurants, bars, sports and adoptions.

It is difficult now to imagine how inspiring his judicial opinions were, how they supported and encouraged those of us on the front lines of the emerging civil rights movement.

Wisdom was guided by a vision of color-neutral society, but he



knew that in order to remedy centuries of discrimination, the court couldn't be color-blind. As the father of affirmative action, he understood that remedying segregation required "the organized undoing" of its effects.

Wisdom was also a man of his time. A member of the elite white class of New Orleans and a dedicated Republican, he belonged to private clubs that excluded blacks and Jews. "They know how I stand on these matters," he said. "I certainly wouldn't change their views by getting out."

Perhaps not. But Wisdom's opinions certainly moved us closer to the time when no element of society is excluded from enjoying the fruits of our democracy.

—Ira Glasser, executive director, A.C.L.U.

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Charles Schwab on investing

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Any closing thoughts, Leilani?

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Charles Schwab



SENSE OF SHAME:

An arrested youth—and the hardest kind of take-home test for our media, our political leaders, and our culture

TIME

SPECIAL REPORT

I'm so scared,

said the boy, as he took the gun out of his mouth and fell into the arms of the assistant principal, who had come to take it away from him. It's the last day

of school, exam time, and we all are scared, because this is a test we can't seem to pass. We had exactly a month to prepare since the last school shooting splattered the questions all over our desks: What is wrong with our kids, and our culture, and our schools and our hearts? What will need to happen so that this won't happen again?

And the clock started running.

Politicians are scared because they showed up for work last Thursday morning with the wrong answers. That National Commission on Character Development the Senate approved on Wednesday seemed aimed at some other problem on some other planet. Even as T.J. Solomon was loading his weapons, even as President Clinton was preparing to fly out to Littleton to mark the one-month anniversary of the massacre, the Senate was debating a juvenile-crime bill. Then the bulletins flashed across TV screens, we were back in the helicopter over yet another school, more running children, fluttering yellow crime tape, flushed sheriffs, nodding anchor-men. We didn't know what it would take to pass the first modest gun-control provision in five years. Now we do.

The news media are scared because we think we should have the answers. We love to explain everything, have the story wrapped up in a box for the weekend. But this is one we can't make fit. A survey last week by the Pew Charitable Trust found that the Littleton shooting is one of the most closely followed stories of the decade; it lingers in part because of our failure to account for what happened. And we in the

media are just as scared that we're to blame. By telling a violent news story, are we risking imitation? By providing a violent fairy tale, do we invite it? The biggest movie in history puts a double-bladed light saber in every child's hand or mind, and the lines between news and life and art and entertainment wind up in knots. Last week CBS dropped an especially violent show about the Mafia. "This is not the time to have people being whacked on the streets of New York," said network chief Leslie Moonves. Besides, the fall lineup was already crowded.

The hardest exams, for once, are the take-home tests. And this time, it's a test of our will and reflexes. We've had a chance to look at the precious microculture of our own household and study its condition. But how many of us actually did anything differently? Spent more time with our children, or someone else's? Came home a little earlier? Skipped a meeting? Turned off the TV? Called other parents, called a teacher, volunteered to help with some after-school activity—Girl Scouts, theater, baseball—that will happen only if enough grownups show up?

This story always ends up back at home: we're looking across the table at our kids, at their friends, at the kids down the street and in their class at school, and wondering which ones are in pain and what can be done to help them, which ones think their lives are falling apart and are capable of tearing ours up as well. I'm so scared, said the boy with the gun, and so are we.

—By Nancy Gibbs



JUST A ROUTINE S

T.J. Solomon's violent rampage seemed to be a cry for help. Was it also a signal that Columbine was just the beginning?

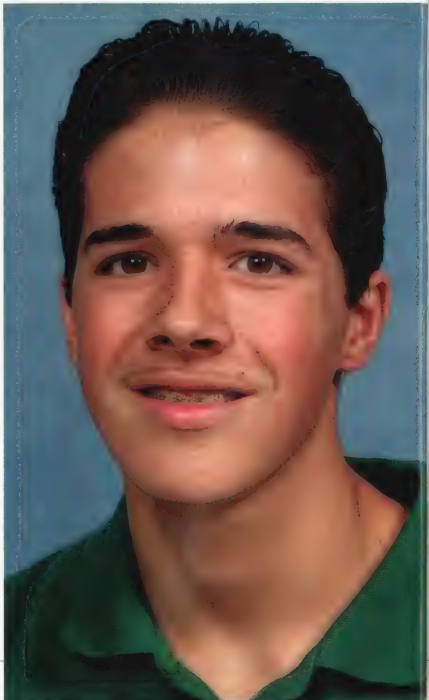
By JOHN CLOUD

THOMAS SOLOMON JR. IS NO MONSTER. If he was trying to mimic the other school terrorists who came before him, he did a poor job. He had access to high-caliber weapons in his stepfather's gun cabinet, yet he chose a low-powered .22 rifle to shoot up his high school. He was a practiced shot, yet he aimed low. He was literally a Boy Scout, a pleasant 15-year-old kid who went to church and didn't care for Goth life or Marilyn Manson or Duke Nukem or any of the other cultural markers we have come to expect from our kid killers.

Thanks to the halfheartedness of Solomon's melee, Heritage High School in Conyers, Ga., was not "another Littleton." No one died in Conyers, and thankfully only six students were injured. All are expected to recover fully. But if it was less bloody, the latest shooting was equally frightening in another way: coming a month to the day after the massacre at Columbine High, it hinted that school violence might now become... routine.

Just as drive-by shootings and other youth violence became a quotidian feature of inner-city life in the 1980s, the episode in Conyers suggested that we may have crossed a threshold at the close of the 1990s. We have suspected for some time that our young people suffer more depression and other mental illness than any previous generation. Perhaps we are now seeing the proof—and the long-term results.

CLASSMATES SAY SOLOMON, WHOM MOST people call T.J., came to school on Thursday morning bearing the weight of a breakup with his girlfriend and wearing a determined stare. Stacey Singleton, a junior at Heritage, calls it a "hate look," scary enough that when she spotted Solomon and his rifle as he entered the school, she



SCHOOL SHOOTING



tried to melt into a phone stall she was using. "I just gripped the phone and knew that something really, really bad was going to start," she says.

Heritage students thought the first shots from Solomon's rifle were firecrackers, just like the ones used in last year's senior prank. Solomon maintained a dazed expression as he began randomly firing into the school's indoor commons. "He wasn't aiming," says junior Ryan Rosa, one of his victims. "He was holding it down low ... He was not chasing people." In other words, Solomon went about his work almost reluctantly, shooting literally from the hip with a pump-action sport gun.

Since the Littleton shootings, Rosa had thought about what he would do if something similar happened at his school. "I thought I'd be a hero—tackle the gunman and wrestle him down," he said. In the event, though, "what I did was run." Rosa was still wondering whether T.J. was using a cap gun when he felt a sting in his leg. He joined the fleeing crowd, ending up in a science lab with other students for several very long minutes.

Solomon's shooting ended quickly. Typically, the rifle model he used can fire about a dozen rounds without reloading, and students say he fired about that many shots. They discovered evidence in the boy's bedroom showing he had contemplated the devastation: printouts of bomb recipes, notes on where to plant explosives at the school and rantings about his despair. Solomon wounded six students in all, only one seriously: sophomore Stephanie Laster, who had just stood up from a cafeteria table where she was chatting with a teacher and a girlfriend about a missionary trip she was planning for next month.

Solomon was firing so low that the bullet that entered Laster's backside may have actually ricocheted off the floor. She was hurled into her friend, and both sprawled to the floor. "I think I've been shot," Stephanie told the teacher when she got up. She put her hand on her buttocks, saw the blood and fainted.

By this time, Solomon had backed out the door he had entered. His rifle abandoned, he was kneeling on the ground. He pulled out another gun, a powerful .357 magnum revolver, and put



SPECIAL REPORT: TROUBLED KIDS

the barrel in his mouth. "It's going to be all right," a voice said. "Put it down." Something about the voice must have calmed the boy. He took the gun from his mouth. The voice belonged to assistant principal Cecil Brinkley, into whose arms T.J. then collapsed, shaking. "Oh, my God, I'm so scared," T.J. said.

Rosa had made his way to the school's resource officer. The boy used a cell phone to call his mom. "You need to come here to school," he told her, bringing to life any parent's nightmare. "I've been shot." By the time his mother and stepfather reached the school, Ryan was at the hospital emergency room. His injuries weren't serious, and he was released within hours, though at least for now he will carry the bullet in his leg.

A helicopter took Laster to another hospital, where she arrived in critical condition. The bullet had lodged in her abdomen, and surgeons had to repair her intestines. But the operation went well, and Stephanie will probably be home within days. By Friday she was able to talk with

friends and family, folks so bighearted they sat around her hospital bed and said how awful they feel for T.J. Solomon.

We'd like to believe that no boys are truly evil, and if Eric Harris tested that proposition at Littleton exactly a month before Conyers, T.J. did not. Within hours, Rosa was struggling to explain Solomon's crime against him. "He'd be the last person I'd think would do something like this," Ryan told TIME after he was released from the emergency room. "He was normal. Just like me."

Solomon lives in a four-bedroom, \$275,000 home in a subdivision full of AT&T and IBM executives. His stepdad, Robert Daniele, is a trucking-company executive who likes to hunt; his mom, Mae Dean, is a secretary. The family moved to the well-kept neighborhood with Georgian homes for the space—their house sits on a one-acre plot—and the schools. Heritage is regarded as one of the best in the area.

Only an outline had emerged by week's end to explain Solomon's feeble rampage. T.J. was taking Ritalin, which is usually pre-

scribed for hyperactivity. A friend of the family said that his grades had been falling during the past year and that he had been medically treated for depression.

Some of the boy's acquaintances spoke of T.J.'s resentment of Jason Cheek, a popular boy two years older who had lettered in three sports. Cheek had teased Solomon, they said, but it was unclear if the line-backer was a primary target. Cheek, who was shot twice in the leg, was healthy enough Friday to deny taunting Solomon and to joke that the bullet still stuck near his groin would set off the metal detectors he was sure the school would install.

"I'm friends with Jason, but he can be a a____," says Rosa. "He really picked on T.J. just because T.J. was so quiet," says another friend of Solomon's. "You know, like being quiet made him weird in the eyes of that little clique of theirs." Solomon took the teasing hard, and even though he had friends, he seemed to become convinced that he was destined to be the campus pariah—"and that idea kept building inside him until he picked up a gun," says Stacey Singleton.

PATTERNS OF VIOLENCE

The perpetrators have been young, white males, typically depressed

SHOOTERS/SUSPECTS

WHERE/WHEN

VICTIMS

WEAPONS/SOURCE

SCHOOL/SIZE/SECURITY

FAMILY SITUATION

MENTAL HEALTH

CULTURAL INFLUENCES

POSSIBLE MOTIVES

WHERE THEY ARE NOW



Barry Loukaitis, 14

Moses Lake, Wash.
2 p.m., Feb. 2, 1996

1 teacher and 2 students
killed, 1 student wounded

30-.30-cal. rifle; home

Frontier Junior High, 600
students, no security guard

Suicidal mother was planning
to divorce father

Severe depression;
inferiority complex

Movie: *Natural Born Killers*;
book: Stephen King's *Rage*

Was teased by jock
(one of the victims)

Oklahoma State Penitentiary,
serving 2 life sentences



Luke Woodham, 16

Pearl, Miss.
8:10 a.m., Oct. 1, 1997

2 students killed, 7 wounded,
mother stabbed to death

30-.30-cal. rifle; home

Pearl High School, 1,000
students, no security guard

Father left family when
Luke was 11

Erratic coping skills; lack of
empathy; sensitive to insults

Music: Marilyn Manson;
heroes: Hitler and Nietzsche

Girlfriend broke up with him,
called pudgy and gay

Mississippi State Penitentiary,
serving 3 life sentences



Michael Carneal, 14

West Paducah, Ky.
7:30 a.m., Dec. 1, 1997

3 students killed, 5 wounded

22-cal. Ruger pistol;
stolen from neighbor's father

Heath High School, 600
students, no security guard

Both parents at home, smart
older sister

Depressed; erratic fears;
pleaded guilty and mentally ill

Movie: *Basketball Diaries*;
video games: Doom, Quake

Called gay in school paper,
had a crush on a female victim

Daviess County Juvenile
Detention Center, life sentence

To make matters much worse, the kids say, Solomon believed his girlfriend had recently turned her charms on Jason, of all people. T.J. and the girl had bickered recently, and he, at least, thought the relationship had ended. (Her friends say she denies they had broken up.) Solomon had become increasingly disinterested in school, and the day before the shootings, he got in a fiery argument with two classmates during fourth-period study hall; it ended when Solomon said he would "blow up this classroom." That same day, T.J. told a buddy he had no reason to live.

Littleton produced a national conversation about warning signs, but Solomon's friends must not have been part of that conversation. When asked why no one told a teacher or the principal that T.J. recently threatened to bomb a classroom, the students shrug and look away, dragging on their cigarettes. The look on their face is not of shock or horror, but a numb roll of the eyes, as if they've already begun to see the shooting as



MIXED REACTION: Some were stunned in agony and sorrow, but others had a flinty nonchalance

some sort of campus ritual, akin to the nuclear-attack drills of the 1950s. Asked why he thought students were resorting to gun violence again and again, Michael Woods, a friend of Cheek's, says, "Kids like T.J. are seeing it and hearing about it all the time now. It's like the new way out for them."

Indeed, at times in Conyers last week there was a sense that the violence had been wrung dry of any emotion. The father of two boys who live near the Solomon home also simply shrugged. Al Morgan won't pull his kids from Heritage, and he doesn't think metal detectors will keep determined murderers out. "It's like winning the lottery," Morgan says of the odds that your kid's school will be next. At a nearby middle school Thursday night, a couple of hundred parents brought students to pick up awards certificates, but only 40 or so remained for a school board meeting. And just one rose to suggest a parent volunteer project to combat violence. No one said much in response.

Of course, not everyone reacted with such flinty nonchalance. Some students said they wouldn't return to Heritage for the final days of the school year, and others say they never want to come back. One girl says she will drop out entirely to begin home schooling. "It's not worth going to

					
Andrew Golden, 11 (left) Mitchell Johnson, 13		Kipland Kinkel, 15	Eric Harris, 18 (left) Dylan Klebold, 17		Thomas Solomon, 15
Jonesboro, Ark. 12:35 p.m., March 24, 1998		Springfield, Ore. 8 a.m., May 21, 1998	Littleton, Colo. 11:25 a.m., April 20, 1999		Conyers, Ga. 7:55 a.m., May 20, 1999
1 teacher and 4 students killed, 10 wounded		2 students killed and more than 20 wounded, parents killed	1 teacher and 12 students killed, 23 wounded		6 students wounded
3 rifles, 7 handguns; stolen from relatives		.22-cal. semiautomatic rifle, 2 pistols; presents from father	Handgun, rifle and 2 shotguns; some bought by friends		.22-cal. rifle; taken from home cabinet
Westside Middle School, 250 students, no security guard		Thurston High School, 1,400 students, no security guard	Columbine High School, 1,900 students, armed sheriff's deputy		Heritage High School, 1,300 students, armed sheriff's deputy
Johnson's parents divorced; Golden's parents both at home		Both parents at home; smart, popular older sister	Both from two-parent families; Harris' brother good athlete		Mother and stepfather
Johnson—a bully and aggressive; Golden—tough and mean-spirited		Depressed, took Ritalin, then Prozac; loner, tortured animals	Harris took antidepressant Luvox; Klebold shy and sad		Depressed, taking Ritalin
Johnson—music: Tupac Shakur; video game: Mortal Kombat		Music: Marilyn Manson, Nirvana	Music: Marilyn Manson; hero: Hitler; video games: Doom and Quake		Music: Tupac Shakur; video game: Mortal Kombat
Both rejected by girlfriends; Johnson teased for being fat		Expelled from school, about to be sent to troubled-youth program	Teased by jocks, labeled "Trench Coat Mafia," called "faggots"		Girlfriend broke up with him
Both at Alexander Youth Services Center; will be released when 21		Lane County Jail, awaiting trial in September	Both committed suicide		Being held at a juvenile detention center

TIME (Chart by Ed Geiler)

SPECIAL REPORT: TROUBLED KIDS

school to get shot," says Krystal Graham, 16. It's almost as if Littleton taught us nothing about how to understand the individual traumas that drive certain boys to solve their problems with rifles.

"I think they should do the psychological stuff on him," Ryan Rosa says, speaking of mental health as if it were a surgical procedure that Solomon could undergo that would make things right. When T.J. told his friend Nathaniel Deeter on Wednesday that he was thinking of killing himself, Deeter told him "he was crazy," according to the *New York Times*. "I mean, a lot of kids say stuff like that."

A LOT OF KIDS SAY STUFF LIKE THAT? YES, they do, and we're not listening very well. Most public schools spend little effort evaluating the mental health of their

students, even though every student gets inoculated against measles. Meantime, says James Garbarino, author of *Lost Boys: Why Our Sons Turn Violent and How We Can Save Them*, "the number of kids who need help has shot up significantly." In California there's only one counselor—to say nothing of a trained psychologist—for every 1,000 students.

Some parents, even when they try to pay attention, may not be hearing. Betty Ford—no, not that one—is president of the Parent Teachers Association in a Westchester, Calif., middle school and works hard to catch cues of brewing trouble. Last week, she says, she made a special effort to tune in

to her 14-year-old, Adam, as he told her about a recent paint-ball game. "I didn't give a rat's ____," she admits, "but I listened."

There is surely some connection between the fact that parents spend 40% less time with their kids now than 30 years ago, and the violence that some of them commit. We are paying for our prosperity in ways difficult to quantify. Inner cities have actually learned better how to prevent violence at schools, if only out of fear. The Los Angeles school district hasn't had to deal with a serious shooting incident since 1984. In the entire city of San Francisco, which has half a dozen programs designed to identify students early who may be

CRIMINALS AS COPYCATS

ASK A CRIMINOLOGIST ABOUT A REALLY offbeat crime, and there's a good chance he can tell you the year. Tylenol bottles laced with poison on supermarket shelves? 1982. Syringes planted in Pepsi cans? 1993. Letters purportedly containing deadly anthrax? 1998. Reason: those are the years when a wave of similar crimes suddenly began appearing across the country.

Ever since the Columbine High School killings, the copycat syndrome has been working overtime. In recent weeks hundreds of schools have been hit with threats of Columbine-like violence. In Wilkes-Barre, Pa., junior and senior high school classes were canceled after a bomb threat was reported in an Internet chat group. In Spotswood, N.J., an 18-year-old was arrested after he threatened to blow up his high school. According to a Gallup poll, 37% of 13- to 17-year-olds nationwide have heard of Columbine-style threats at their own schools, and 20% said their schools had been evacuated because of a bomb threat.

What causes the epidemic of imitation? "You need a cat to do the copying," says Harvard psychologist William Pollack. "It starts with kids who are already somewhere close to the edge." Copycats model themselves on crimes, both real and fictional, that grab a lot of attention. When the movie *Money Train* came out a few years ago, with a scene of flammable liquid being squirted into a New York City token booth and set on fire, real-life robbers duplicated the act and badly burned a token clerk. After the TV movie *The Burning Bed* aired in 1984, with Farrah Fawcett playing a battered wife who set her ex-husband on fire, a viewer in Milwaukee poured gasoline on his wife and burned her to death.



POWER TRIP: Jeshiah Zusan and Justin Schmagg, both 14, were charged last week with planning an attack on their Port Huron, Mich., middle school

Sometimes copycats are just looking for pointers on how to commit a crime effectively—so-called mode copying. In Los Angeles in the mid 1980s, robbers started breaking car windows with bricks and snatching handbags—a bluntly effective technique that was quickly picked up by imitators and came to be known as the "smash and grab." But copycat criminals are often lured by the sheer thrill of making headlines. They see America in a furor over Pepsi tampering or high school shootings, and regard it as a quick way to achieve significance. It is a power trip for the powerless, those who feel they have nothing to lose.

What can be done to discourage copycats? Some say less attention should be given to notorious crimes when they happen. The Chicago *Sun-Times* notably broke ranks with most media last month and kept the Columbine shootings off its front page. But others argue that what's needed is not less coverage but more information about how these cases turn out. "We do a good job of showing the perpetrators at the time," says Pamela Riley, executive director of the Center for Prevention of School Violence in Raleigh, N.C. "But where are the Jonesboro shooters now? They're in detention, and their lives are ruined." That's the part of the story few copycats have in mind while daydreaming of their moment in the spotlight. —By Adam Cohen



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Very nice and well thought out. I will be using this for my presentation.



After the 1990s, however, the number of publications on Wernicke's aphasia has increased. During the 1990s, more than 100 articles were published on this topic. During the 2000s, 120 articles were published.



Four years with a good record
 since the question? A.M.M.
 Had a good record with a 10
 plus record of quality in a
 good time. How will you
 have a good record and a good
 record? A.M.M. has a



How do we measure growth and dead forest? Satellite data, such as the one I discuss in this paper, is essential to help us understand our world and protect it better.

the stuff that *you* can stuff into it. Like two 68-quart ice chests, five 28-inch suitcases or six sets of golf clubs. And of course, there's still more than enough legroom, headroom and elbow room to make seven humans feel nice and comfy. (After all, isn't that what makes a minivan a home?)



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SPECIAL REPORT: TROUBLED KIDS

prone to violence, only two kids brought guns to school last year. But those lessons were learned hard. Joy Turner, whose 19-year-old son was gunned down in inner-city Los Angeles, now spends free time working with young killers to help them understand what they have done to their victims' families. Says she: "What's been real for those of us in the inner city is now real in the suburbs. Violence is like a movie: it's coming to a theater near you."

And vigilance is finally creeping into the suburbs. A frightening plot against a school was halted earlier this month in Port Huron, Mich., where authorities say a 12-year-old, a 13-year-old and two 14-year-olds, all boys, had been concocting a conspiracy to outdo Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold. The Michigan boys planned to take a gun from one of their fathers, use it

to hold up a gun store for more weaponry, and then descend on Holland Woods Middle School to rape some of the girls and shoot many classmates. They had drawn up a list of 154 targets and stolen a building plan from the custodian's office.

The plan seems too cartoonish to have become reality, and the boys were probably too young to pull it off. Anything seems possible after Columbine, but should it? The Port Huron boys were all caught within a day of a classmate's report to an assistant principal.

It's hard to imagine that most schools won't become at least as careful as Holland Woods. The debate America had last month over whether metal detectors and sniffing dogs are effective is now virtually irrelevant: expect them in a school near you, starting this September.

But a neighbor of T.J. Solomon's in Conyers may have a better idea. The father of a 10-year-old, he lives just a few houses away and didn't want his name used in the media frenzy. He came home from work early Thursday after he heard about the shootings so he could talk with his son. As they played basketball together, the man promised himself to be more neighborly and more involved in the lives of other families. "When my own son becomes a teenager," he said, "I want him to have more angels around him than T.J. apparently had."

—Reported by Harriet Barwick/
New York, Cathy Booth/Los Angeles, Wendy Cole/
Chicago, Sylvester Monroe, David Nordan, Tim
Padgett and Tim Roche/Conyers and Ron
Stodghill II/Port Huron

IS SMALLER PERHAPS BETTER?

MARY PERRY DREAMED OF ATTENDING ONE OF CHICAGO'S BIG PUBLIC schools—a place like prestigious Whitney Young High, with its student body of 2,200. Instead she ended up at a tiny school with only 140 students and a funny name: Best Practices High. And now, to her surprise, she couldn't be happier. Few people in town know her school's name—but everyone at school knows hers. Once a shy student with low test scores, Perry, 16, has won admission to the National Honor Society. Her high school, she says, is "small, but it's like a big extended family."

Across the U.S., education reformers have begun promoting smaller schools as a remedy for the alienation that many students experience when they are tossed into one of the college-size, 2,000-to-4,000-student behemoths often found these days in major cities and their suburbs. Smaller schools not only allow students and teachers to know one another better; they also have less crowding and competition for membership in bands, student councils, sports teams and other extracurricular activities through which students express and define themselves.

At the big schools, hundreds of students compete for the relatively few spots on the elite teams and squads, which can make everyone else feel like nobodies. And that feeling, as events have shown, can contribute to private rage and public tragedy. "We want to make sure the kids feel they mean something, that they don't get lost," says David Pava, principal of James Logan High School, home to 4,180 students in Union City, Calif. "That's particularly difficult at a large school." (Columbine High in Littleton, Colo., has 1,965 students. Heritage High in Conyers, Ga., has 1,300.) Vice President Gore last week urged school districts to stop "herding all students ... into overcrowded, factory-style high schools [where] it becomes impossible to spot the early warning signs of violence, depression or academic failure."

The smaller-school movement is already well under way in Chicago, New York City and Los Angeles, which in recent years have opened high schools with student populations of 500 or fewer—in some cases splitting existing campuses into several "schools within a school." Studies show that students make better grades in smaller schools. They are less likely to be involved in fights or gangs because they know someone is always watching. They are less embarrassed to discuss problems with teachers. They have better attendance, lower dropout rates and more participation in extracurricular activities. "It doesn't matter what category you measure," says Kathleen Cotton, a researcher at the Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory in Portland, Ore. "Things are better in smaller environments. Shy kids, poor kids, the average athletes—they all are made to feel like they fit in."

Chicago's Best Practices High, which has been open just three years, has seen only two fights, in part because students report bad behavior to teachers. Last year when freshmen decorated lockers with graffiti, older students tattled before the paint could dry. When one student showed up with unkempt hair and satanic messages on his shirt, students reported him as well. Teachers saw his costume as a symptom of other problems, which they got him to discuss.

Smaller schools—if equipped with full facilities and sports teams—can cost more per student than larger schools. But there's also a human cost for the impersonal institutions in which so many adolescents are left adrift on their own.

—By Nichole Christian. With reporting by Maggie Siegel/Chicago



FUNNY SCHOOL NAME: Mary Perry gets attention at Best Practices



SPECIAL REPORT: TROUBLED KIDS

ESCAPING FROM THE DARKNESS

Drugs like Prozac, Paxil and Luvox can work wonders for clinically depressed kids. But what about the long-term consequences?

By HOWARD CHUA-EOAN

MEGAN KELLAR IS BUBBLY AND bouncing and lip-synching to the Backstreet Boys. *Get down, get down and move it all around!* The sixth-grader is dancing to the synthesized bubble-gum beat at a talent show at the John Muir Elementary School in Parma, Ohio. *Get down, get down and move it all around!* There is nothing down about Megan, even as she gets down in front of the audience. Her mother remembers a similar effervescence half a dozen years ago. "She'd be singing to herself and making up songs all the time," says Linda Kellar. And sure enough, that part of her is still there. "Megan's such a happy child," the mother of a girl on Megan's baseball team remarked to Linda. Yes, Linda agreed, but there's something you ought to know. Megan is clinically depressed and on the antidepressant Paxil. Says Linda: "She couldn't believe it."

Six years ago, Linda wouldn't have believed that her daughter was clinically depressed either. But shortly after her parents separated, Megan stopped singing. When other kids came over to play, she would lie down in the yard and just watch. At Christmas she wouldn't decorate the tree. Linda thought her daughter was simply melancholy over her parents' split and

took her to see a counselor. That seemed to help for a while. Then for about eight months, when Megan was 10, she cried constantly and wouldn't go to school. She lost her appetite and got so weak that at one point she couldn't get out of bed. When a doctor recommended Paxil in conjunction with therapy, Linda recoiled. "I did not want to put my baby on an antidepressant," she says. Then she relented because, she says, "Megan wasn't living her childhood." Linda noticed changes in just two weeks. Soon Megan was singing again. "She's not drugged or doped," says Linda. "She still cries when she sees *Old Yeller* and still has moody days." But, as Megan says, "I'm back to normal, like I used to be."

Megan Kellar shares her kind of normality with hundreds of thousands of other American kids. Each year an estimated 500,000 to 1 million prescriptions for antidepressants are written for children and teens. On the one hand, the benefits are apparent and important. Experts estimate that as many as 1 in 20 American preteens and adolescents suffer from clinical depression. It is something they cannot outgrow. Depression cycles over and over again throughout a lifetime, peaking during episodes of emotional distress, subsiding only to well up again at the next crisis. And as research increasingly shows, depression is often a marker for





MEGAN KELLAR

Having suffered from depression since six, the 12-year-old takes Paxil each morning with her cereal; she recently sang in the school talent show, left

other disorders, including the syndrome that used to be called manic depression and is now known as bipolar disorder. If undetected and untreated in preteens, depressive episodes can lead to severe anxiety or manic outbursts not only in adulthood but as early as adolescence.

On the other hand, come the questions. How do we tell which kids are at risk? Has science fully apprised us of the effects

on kids of medication designed for an adult brain? Have we set out on a path that will produce a generation that escapes the pain only to lose the character-building properties of angst?

TO MEDICATE OR NOT TO MEDICATE? THE dilemma can be traced back to 1987, when the FDA approved Prozac as the first of a new class of antidepressants known as selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs). Prozac had none of the more serious side effects and risks of the earlier antidepressants and worked faster to control depressive symptoms. Prozac and the other SSRIs (they now include Zoloft, Paxil, Luvox and Celexa) had one other advantage over the older, tricyclic antidepressants: children

responded to them. One of the few recent studies on the subject showed that among depressed children ages 8 to 18, 56% improved while on Prozac, in contrast to 33% on a placebo. Says Dr. David Fassler, chair of the American Psychiatric Association's Council on Adolescents and Their Families: "Physicians have a lot of experience using the medications with adult patients with good results, and recent research increases their general level of comfort in using them with children and adolescents."

But which kids?

Not so long ago, many psychiatrists argued that children and young teens could not get depressed because they were not mature enough to internalize their anger. Today, says Fassler, "we realize that de-

SPECIAL REPORT: TROUBLED KIDS



"I would have sold my house . . . to get Nick taken care of."

—SUSAN DUBUQUE,
author and mother

"Depression occurs in children more often than we realized."

—DAVID FASSLER,
psychiatrist



pression does occur in childhood and adolescence and that it occurs more often in children than we previously realized."

Still, depression is slightly harder to diagnose in adolescents than in adults, and not because teens are expected to be moodier and more withdrawn. They are less likely to realize that they are depressed and thus less likely to seek help. "Younger kids also have more difficulty expressing their feelings in words," says Dr. Boris Birmaher, a child psychiatrist at the University of Pittsburgh. "When kids become depressed, they become irritable, act out, have temper tantrums and other behavioral problems. It's hard to ascertain that these are the symptoms of depression unless you ask them questions in a language they can understand."

Furthermore, the very definition of

being a child—what makes him survive and grow—is being able to move up and down emotionally, having a basic elasticity. Says Dr. Peter Jensen, child and adolescent psychiatrist at the National Institute of Mental Health: "A child is more fluid and plastic than an adult. A child may look depressed one day because his dog died but seem O.K. three days later."

But if parents live in a world of family mood swings, that doesn't mean they are prepared to put their own child on mind-altering drugs. That prospect can lead to major soul searching: Will they be thought less of as parents? And if they do agree to antidepressants, will the child still be the one they know?






Donna Mitchell was told her daughter, eight-year-old Sawateo, had attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder, but she also

showed signs of serious depression and anxiety, which are often found in combination. Mitchell's first reaction was, "I can pray this away. I thought, Listen, nobody in my family is going on drugs. That's an insult. I figured all we needed was family talks." But two years after the diagnosis, Mitchell has agreed to put her child on the ADHD drug Ritalin. She still resists the idea of antidepressants. It's her preteen daughter who's making the case for doing it. "Mama, it's in our genes," Sawateo tells her.

All this may help explain why it is so hard for the people closest to children to detect that anything is really wrong. Studies show that parents consistently miss the signs of depression. In one survey by researchers at Ball State and Columbia universities, 57% of teens who had attempted suicide were found to be suffering from

WHAT KIDS ARE TAKING

The most commonly prescribed antidepressants for children are not approved in the U.S. for those under 18, but anecdotal reports show that they appear to be safe and work well for this group. Some manufacturers of these drugs are currently conducting studies of their effect on depressed children.

Prozac	Zoloft	Paxil	Luvox	Celexa
				
Approved for adults with:	Depression	Depression	Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder	Depression
■ Depression	■ Depression	■ Depression		
■ Bulimia	■ Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder	■ Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder		
■ Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder	■ Panic Disorder	■ Panic Disorder		
		■ Social Phobia (approval pending)		
Characteristics				
Remains in body for at least two weeks. Makes some patients agitated, anxious	Remains in body for one week	Has sedating effect on many patients	Also approved for use in children with OCD	Produces fewer adverse reactions with other drugs

major depression. But only 13% of the parents of suicides believed their child was depressed.

Diagnosis is critical because depressed children tend to develop increasingly severe mental disorders and in some cases psychosis as teens and adults. Three studies on children who were depressed before puberty show that as adults they had a higher rate of antisocial behavior, anxiety and major depression than those who experienced their first depressive episode as teens. "Prepubertal depression does occur, and those who get it are more susceptible to [the] mania [of bipolar disorder] later," says Dr. John March, director of the program on pediatric psychopharmacology at Duke University. "The earlier you get it, the more likely you will develop chronic depressive and anxiety symptoms."

So how do psychiatrists pick out kids who are depressed from those who are simply moody? In his book *"Help Me, I'm Sad,"* Fassler lists a number of physical symptoms in three age groups—preschoolers, young school-age children and adolescents. Among preschoolers, the signs include frequent, unexplained stomachaches, headaches and fatigue. Depressed school-age children frequently weigh 10 lbs. less than their peers, may have dramatic changes in sleep patterns and may start speaking in an affectless monotone. Adolescents go through eating disorders, dramatic weight gains or losses, promiscuity, drug abuse, excessive picking at acne, and fingernail biting to the point of bleeding.

Fassler cautions that none of these symptoms may ever be present and a whole constellation of more subjective manifestations must be considered. Adults and adolescents share many of the same warning signs—low self-esteem, fearfulness, withdrawal and a morbid obsession with death and dying. Among adolescents, however, depression is often accompanied by episodes of irritability that, unlike mood swings, stretch for weeks rather than days.

Dr. Elizabeth Weller, professor of psychiatry and pediatrics at the University of Pennsylvania, has developed techniques for detecting depression in kids. First she establishes a rapport with a child. Then she asks, for example, whether he still has fun playing softball or whether it is taking him longer to finish his homework—both of which are ways to figure out whether the child has lost motivation and concentration. Crying is another marker for depression, but Weller says boys rarely admit to it. So she asks them how often they feel like crying.

She then quizzes parents and teachers for other signs. Parents can tell her if a child no longer cares about his appearance



ADAM LEE/PHOTOGRAPHY

HOW TO SPOT A DEPRESSED CHILD

The key thing to watch for is drastic changes in teen behavior. Other red flags to consider:

- **DIFFICULTY MAINTAINING RELATIONSHIPS** May become antisocial, reject friends or refuse to take part in school and family events
- **REDUCED PHYSICAL ACTIVITY** May suffer from lethargy or appear to drag self around
- **MORBID OR SUICIDAL THOUGHTS** May seek out games, music, art or books with death-related themes
- **LOW SELF-ESTEEM** May feel that they are worthless and that their peers, teachers and family disapprove of them
- **SELF-DESTRUCTIVE BEHAVIOR** May harm their body by, for example, biting fingernails to the point of bleeding
- **PROBLEMS AT SCHOOL** Grades may drop or classroom troublemaking rise
- **CHANGES IN SLEEP PATTERNS** May either have restless nights or sleep away the day

Preschoolers

- Frequent unexplained stomachaches, headaches or fatigue
- Overactivity or excessive restlessness
- A sad appearance
- Low tolerance for frustration
- Irritability
- Loss of pleasure in activities
- Tendency to portray the world as bleak

and has lost interest in bathing or getting new clothes. Teachers can tell her whether a child who used to be alert and active has turned to daydreaming or has lost a certain verve. As Weller puts it, "Has the bubble gone out of the face?"

There are several other complicating factors. Some psychiatrists believe depression in younger children often appears in conjunction with other disorders. "Many depressed kids," notes Fassler, "are initially diagnosed with ADHD or learning disabilities. We need to separate out the conditions and treat both problems." But there's a chicken-and-egg problem here: antisocial behavior or a learning disability can lead a child to become isolated and alienated from peers and thus can trigger depression. And depression can further interfere with learning or bring on antisocial behavior.

But does a diagnosis of depression in a child require medication? Consider Nancy Allee's 10-month journey with SSRIs and other drugs. At 12, she was as bubbly as Megan Kellar is now. She soon developed "a five-month-long headache" and started having nightmares. After about a year in counseling, things seemed to be going better and, her mother Judith says, "we terminated it so as not to make it a way of life." A few months later, Nancy became hostile and rebellious but nothing that Judith considered "out of the bounds for a normal teenager." Then, "without any warning, she [took an] overdose" of her migraine medication, was hospitalized and depression was diagnosed. While Judith thought the overdose was out of the blue, Nancy says, "I'd had depression for a long time. If I'd had bad thoughts, I'd always had them and kind of grew up with them. I was always very bubbly, even when I was depressed. A lot of people didn't notice it. To me, suicide had always been an option."

Nancy was put on Zoloft. When that didn't work, the doctor added Paxil and then several other drugs. But there was a panoply of side effects: her hands would shake, she would bang her head against the wall. A voracious reader, she became too withdrawn and listless to pick up a book. There were times she couldn't sleep, but on one occasion she slept 72 hours straight.

"I was seeing five different doctors, and it was overkill," says Nancy. "At one point, I was taking 15 pills in the morning and 15 in the evening, I wound up burying my medication in the backyard. I didn't want to take it anymore." Then Nancy was tested for allergies, a process that required her to be medication free. "It was like the sky was blue again," says Nancy, who at 18 is still off drugs but sees a counselor occasionally. "The colors came back. It was a to-

SPECIAL REPORT: TROUBLED KIDS

tal change from the medication stupor. Everything wasn't peachy, but I was able to appreciate doing things again."

Most psychiatrists, despite their enthusiasm for the new antidepressants, write prescriptions for only six months to a year and taper the dosage toward the end. Even Fassler admits, "We try to use medication for the minimum amount of time possible. And with a younger child, we're more cautious about using medication because we have less research concerning both the effectiveness and the long-term consequences and side effects." Says Michael Faenza, president of the National Mental Health Association: "I feel very strongly that no child should be receiving medication without counseling. Medication is just one spoke in the wheel."

The lack of science about the effects of these drugs on childhood development is the reason the FDA has required all manufacturers of SSRIs that treat depression to conduct studies on the subject. Says Dr. Pe-

ter Kramer, professor of psychiatry at Brown University and author of *Listening to Prozac*: "Anyone who thinks about this problem is worried about what it means to substantially change neurotransmission in a developing brain. We don't know if these kids would compensate on their own over time and if by giving them these medicines we are interfering with that compensatory mechanism."

Until we know more, some argue, the risks of such medication are just too great, if only because of the message it sends to children. Says Dr. Sidney Wolfe, director of Public Citizen's Health Research Group: "We are moving into an era where any quirk of a personality is fair game for a drug. On one hand, we are telling kids to just say no to drugs, but on the other hand, their pediatricians are saying, 'Take this. You'll feel good.'"

Teen rebellion can put a twist on even that, however. One New York couple, beleaguered by antidepressants themselves and

openly concerned about the depression of their 18-year-old, were castigated by their son for their "weakness" and dependence on Prozac. His argument: your drugs change who you really are. In place of their drugs, the young man argued for his "natural" remedy: marijuana.

Indeed, pot and alcohol are common forms of self-medication among depressed teens. Weller estimates that about 30% of her teen patients have used pot or alcohol after a depressive episode, most of them at the urging of friends who said smoking and drinking would make them feel better. A high school social worker in Minnesota decided to look into the case of a troubled girl who was still a freshman at 17. The girl admitted she smoked pot as a constant habit but did not understand why she craved it so much. A psychological evaluation found the girl was suffering from clinical depression as well as ADHD. She was prescribed an antidepressant, which had striking results. It not only elevated her

VIEWPOINT

Walter Kirn

The Danger of Suppressing Sadness

What if Holden Caulfield had been taking Prozac?



CONSIDERING HIS WEALTH OF SYMPTOMS—lethargy, forgetfulness, loss of interest in friends and studies—can there be any doubt that Holden Caulfield, the dropout hero of J.D. Salinger's 1950s masterpiece *The Catcher in the Rye*, would be on Luvox, Prozac or a similar drug if he were a teenager today? No doubt whatsoever. A textbook teen depressive by current standards, Caulfield would be a natural candidate for pharmaceutical intervention, joining a rising number of adolescents whose moodiness, anxiety and rebelliousness are being interpreted as warning signs of chemical imbalances. Indeed, if Caulfield had been a '90s teen, his incessant griping about "phonies" and general hostility toward mainstream society might have been nipped in the neurological bud. The cultural consequences? Incalculable.

With the stroke of countless pens on thousands of prescription pads, the American coming-of-age experience—the stuff of endless novels, movies and pop songs—could gradually be rendered unrecognizable. Goodbye Salinger, Elvis and Bob Dylan; hello psychopharmacology. "The kids in my school traded Zoloft and Prozac pills the way kids used to trade baseball cards," says Stephen Morris, an Episcopal priest and former chaplain at a Texas parochial school. Of course, this school experience doesn't prove that schoolyards everywhere have turned into bustling prescription-drug bazaars. But Morris, who headed a schoolwide committee called Addressing Be-

haviors of Concern, recalls that "the problems we focused on were not dramatically different from my own youthful experiences." At least three-quarters of the time, says Morris, the kids in question were placed on medication in what he saw as the beginning of a vicious cycle that frequently worsened the original problem. "Challenges that teachers used to handle are being handed over to psychiatrists. Instead of dealing with kids inside the classroom, they yank them out, put them on drugs and stick them back in with glazed eyes a few days later. No wonder the kids end up as outcasts."

Such outcasts may someday form their own majority, if this trend continues. The pain and confusion of growing up, once considered the proper subject of gloomy poetry read under the blankets and angry rock songs rehearsed in the garage, can now mean a quick ticket to the doctor's office. And it doesn't take a lot of acting up for a restless teenager to attract professional attention. On a website sponsored by Channel One, a television network for school-age youth, a recent posting written with the help of the National Association for Mental Illness classified the following behaviors as possible symptoms of manic depression in teens: "increased talking—the adolescent talks too much," "distractibility," "unrealistic highs in self-esteem—for example, a teenager who feels specially connected to God."

That last one is a doozy. And heartbreaking. Could it be that Cassie Bernall, who bravely professed her religious faith while staring down the barrel of a gun at the height of the Columbine

mood and helped her focus but also reduced her desire for pot and tobacco.

"IT USED TO BE SAID THAT ADOLESCENCE IS the most common form of psychosis," says Kramer, the man who helped make Prozac famous. Then he turns serious. "But if a child has a prolonged period of depressive moods, he needs to be evaluated for depression." Even if little is known about the long-term effects of SSRIs on young bodies, most doctors in the field argue that the drugs are a blessing to kids in pain. Says Duke's March, who is doing a comparative study of the benefits of Prozac and cognitive-behavior therapy: "My clinical experience is that it's worse to risk a major mental illness as a child than to be on medication. If you weigh the risks against the benefits, the benefits are probably going to win."

massacre, was not so much a hero and a martyr as an untreated candidate for lithium? For the education establishment to go on red alert at the first sign of spirituality in their students would be a devastating development.

What is happening here?

For better or worse, an institutional drug culture has sprung up in the hallways of All-American High, mimicking the one already established among depressed adults. As was pointed out in the May issue of *Harper's* magazine, the line between illicit, feel-good drugs such as marijuana and amphetamines and legal mood-altering substances such as Luvox, Wellbutrin, and Effexor is a blurry one. Many of the same optimistic claims—enhanced concentration, decreased anxiety, a renewed capacity for feeling pleasure—are made for both types of magic bullet, whether they are bought on the street or in a pharmacy. A profoundly mixed message is being sent to teens when certain substances are demonized for promoting the same subjective states touted on the labels of other compounds. Adolescents, who are famously alert to hypocrisy among their elders, will surely be the first to catch this irony.

At least one hopes so. Teenage skepticism—Holden Caulfield's bitter gift for discerning inconsistencies in the solemn pronouncements of adults—may be one of the troubling traits on the medications' target list. A pill that tones down youthful b.s. detectors would certainly be a boon to parents and teachers, but how would it enrich the lives of teenagers? Even if such a pill improved their moods—helping them stick to their

Susan Dubuque of Richmond, Va., is convinced of the benefits. Her son Nick went through "seven years of testing hell." At seven, ADHD was diagnosed and he was put on Ritalin. "When he was 10 years old, he didn't want a birthday party because he just couldn't deal with it," she recalls. Then, his mother says, Nick "bottomed out and became suicidal, and one day I found him in a closet with a toy gun pointed at his head, and he said, 'If this was real, I'd use it.'" The next

day she saw a psychologist who had recently evaluated Nick and was told, "If you don't get him help, next time he'll be successful." Nick was found to be suffering from clinical depression and took a series of antidepressants. "I was worried about my son's killing himself," says Susan, who was called by clinicians a "histrionic mother" and a "therapy junkie," as she spent \$4,000 on drugs and therapy for her son. "I would have sold my house if that was what it would have taken."

Nick is better now, and has co-authored a book with his mom: *Kid Power Tactics for Dealing with Depression*. Susan is happy to have her son back safe—even though there is some stress. "It's so much fun to have an obnoxious 15-year-old," she says, "and I mean normal obnoxious."

—Reported by Jodie Morse/New York, Alice Park/Washington and Juana Willwerth/Los Angeles



studies, say, and compete in a world with close to zero tolerance for unproductive monkeying around—would it not rob them (and the rest of us) of a potent source of social criticism, political idealism and cultural change? The trials and tribulations of growing up yield wisdom for all involved, both kids and parents. The young pose a constant challenge to the old, often an uncomfortable one, almost always an unexpected one, but meeting that challenge with hastily filled prescriptions may be bad medicine for everybody.

For teens who need medication just to function or lessen the real dangers they might pose to others or themselves, the new medications may truly be miraculous. I know from my own experience with clinical depression (contracted as an adult and treated with a combination of therapy and drugs) that such diseases are real and formidable, impossible to wish away. But for kids in the murky emotional borderlands described in books like *The Catcher in the Rye*, antidepressants, stimulants and sedatives aren't a substitute for books and records, heroes and anthems.

"I get bored sometimes," Holden Caulfield says, "when people tell me to act my age. Sometimes I act a lot older than I am—I really do—but people never notice it. People never notice anything."

Maybe if people start noticing first and medicating second, more of today's confused young Caulfields will stand a chance of maturing into Salingers. ■



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SPECIAL REPORT: TROUBLED KIDS



TEXAS ANGLE:
On guns, Bush
finds himself to
the right of many
G.O.P. Senators

POLITICAL GUNPLAY

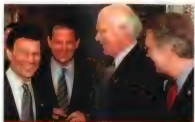
The Senate passes the first major gun-control bill in six years. Did Littleton really change everything?

By JAMES CARNEY and
JOHN F. DICKERSON

THERE IS ALMOST NO SUCH THING AS A vice-presidential moment of high drama, so when Al Gore sat up particularly straight in the Senate president's chair and called twice for the recorded vote tally, it was clear he was relishing this one. For two weeks Senate Democrats had had their Republican rivals in retreat over gun-control legislation. Gore, the presumptive nominee, was called in to deliver the final blow. A Democrat-backed measure to impose restrictions on firearm sales at gun shows had been given new momentum by news of another school shooting that morning, but when the votes were counted, the 100 Senators had split evenly. Gore began his intonations: "The Senate being equally divided, the Vice President votes in the affirmative, and the amendment is agreed to." Striding afterward into the office of Senate Democratic leader Tom Daschle, Gore was met with muscular arm clasps by his Democratic cohort. "This is fantastic," beamed

the Vice President. "That was really fun."

It was clear from Gore's end-zone dance in the press gallery moments later that the man who has recently seemed so politically out of synch feels blessed to have been in just the right place at the right time. Even his political mentor, President Clinton, admired the exquisite timing of his move. Aboard Air Force One bound for Colorado, where he was scheduled to comfort the families of the Littleton shooting victims on the one-month



THE TIE BREAKER: Gore's vote gives Democratic Senators a victory, and Clinton rejoices. "It's great for Al."

anniversary of the tragedy, he rose halfway out of his seat and pumped his fist. "That's great," he said, pausing for a moment to let the political significance sink in. "It's great for Al."

A national political landscape that had seemed settled on gun matters in recent years has suddenly been given a new topography in the wake of the Colorado and Georgia shootings. Democrats like Gore and his rival, former Senator Bill Bradley, are sure that gun control is a winning issue. And their best evidence is perhaps the confusion in the enemy ranks. First the majority of Senate Republicans voted against requiring mandatory background checks at gun shows. They then voted for it. Elizabeth Dole applauded herself for her move advocating controls two weeks ago. "These events demonstrate why it's so important to speak from the heart, take consistent stands and then have the courage to follow

them through," she said.

That was her way of directing the spotlight at the microconfusion inside the camp of her party's front runner for President, Texas Governor George W. Bush. His staff started the week quashing rumors that Bush, fearful of being labeled the presidential candidate of the pro-gun party, had urged his brethren in Congress to embrace gun control. Bush had talked to Senator Larry Craig of Idaho, the N.R.A.'s main defender in the Senate, but it was only to deny the claim made by the Democrats that Bush favored their party's amendment supporting mandatory background checks at gun shows. It was true, Bush told Craig, that he had long been on record supporting such checks, but he had not endorsed the Democratic proposal for doing so, hadn't even seen their amendment and didn't want a role in the congressional debate.

Funny thing about being a front runner though, someone is always trying to give you a role in their debate. So far, Bush has resisted being drawn into national moments, like this one on gun control, choosing instead to sit on his lead until mid-June, when he plans to take his first presidential trips. But Dole, his closest Republican challenger, is trying hard to prick him into action. In a speech she was scheduled to deliver this Monday, she said, "Leadership requires more than sitting on a front porch measuring which direction the gunsmoke is blowing." Until he began preparing a

SPECIAL REPORT: TROUBLED KIDS

presidential run, Bush's position on most gun-control measures had been clear: he was against them. He signed a bill permitting Texans to carry concealed handguns, and he opposes compelling gun retailers to include child safety locks with every weapon they sell, putting him to the right of many Senate Republicans. And in the next two weeks Bush plans to sign into law a bill forbidding local governments in Texas to sue gun manufacturers—a law opponents call “the N.R.A. protection act.”

Bush's pro-gun stands are politically rational in Texas, where hunting is part of the state's culture and owning a firearm as common as owning a pickup. But Bush's team knows that Gore and other Democrats are salivating at the prospect of painting the Governor as a tool of the gun lobby in a general election. After the Senate vote, Bush joked that if he were in office, his Vice President would have voted for the Republican version of the gun-control measures. He also defended his concealed-carry law as the kind of “reasonable” legislation that he might support as a President. “There are people in our society who feel threatened,” he said, “and they feel like they want to protect themselves.”

House Republicans have been dazzled by the bungling of their Senate counterparts whose various and sometimes contradictory positions on gun control a House Republican aide called “too complicated for Kafka.” To let the issue cool, House G.O.P. leaders have put off debate until the middle of June in the hopes that lobbying by the N.R.A. and the passage of time will make it easier to enact less stringent legislation. Speaker Dennis Hastert has expressed a willingness to tighten gun laws: increasing the purchase age from 18 to 21 and requiring background checks for all sales at gun shows. But Democrats fear majority leader Dick Armey and whip Tom DeLay will work to decelerate any final legislation. So Democrats have set their teeth, demanding action before Memorial Day as a tribute to the victims in Littleton. Emerging from a Friday meeting with the President, in which they coordinated their gun-control strategy, House Democrats nearly climbed over one another to express their indignation. “How many people have to die before Congress can act?” demanded New York's Nita Lowmy. Republicans are adamant that they will not be budged off their schedule. Isn't this how it all started? —With reporting by

Jay Branigan with Clinton in Littleton

PICKING A FIGHT WITH THE N.R.A.

TOM SELLECK WENT ON THE *ROSIE O'DONNELL* SHOW LAST WEEK TO PLUG HIS new movie, *The Love Letter*. Instead he co-starred in a little drama that was more like *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*. After a hug and a few niceties, she broached the topic of firearms, and what ensued wasn't exactly friendly fire.

“There's no reason, in my opinion, to have [guns],” O'Donnell stated, pouncing on Selleck, the former *Magnum PI* star, who recently appeared in an ad for the National Rifle Association. “You can't say, ‘I will not take responsibility for anything the N.R.A. represents’ if you're doing an ad,” O'Donnell lectured. “I think you're being stupid,” a slumped and sullen Selleck replied at one point. “You're questioning my humanity.”

You know you're in trouble when the Queen of Nice loses her cool over you on daytime TV. It didn't get any better for the N.R.A. the next day, when the news broke that a Georgia student had opened fire on his schoolmates on the one-month anniversary of the Littleton tragedy. Hours later the Senate approved the most significant gun-control proposals in six years, including a measure to require background checks for buyers at gun shows.

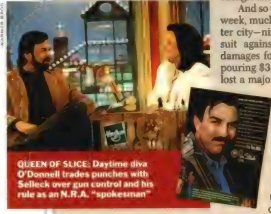
And so the N.R.A.'s downhill slide went last week, much as it has gone for months. City after city—nine, with more expected—has filed suit against the firearms industry seeking damages for gun mayhem. Last month, after pouring \$3.7 million into the effort, the lobby lost a major battle on a Missouri referendum

over allowing citizens to carry concealed weapons. The Littleton tragedy then exposed a rift between the N.R.A. and gunmakers, who were willing to support Clinton proposals like raising the minimum age for buying a gun to 21. After that, the N.R.A. found itself embarrassed when its point man in the Senate, Larry Craig, steered his G.O.P. colleagues onto the rocks

during the battle over the gun-show amendment.

However, while pro-gun control Senators like Charles Schumer of New York argue that “the momentum has shifted” in favor of gun control, Democrats behind the scenes aren't so sure. “That's mature,” said a leading House Democratic staff member. He and others haven't forgotten how in 1994 the N.R.A. knocked out two of the party's giants, Speaker Tom Foley and Judiciary Committee chairman Jack Brooks, over their support for the assault-weapons ban. And they note that rural, pro-gun districts have more clout in the House. Then there's the N.R.A.'s well-funded PAC and its soft-money donations. Majority leader Dick Armey and whip Tom DeLay each got \$9,900 in their most recent elections; 178 House members were on the N.R.A.'s recipient list as it distributed \$1.63 million in all, with an additional \$350,000 in soft money going to the Republican Party. So House members aren't thrilled to be jumping into a gun-control debate. The same day the Senate was voting on the gun-show provision, House Republican leaders canceled a markup of an important spending bill after Democrats made it known they would offer gun-control amendments.

By week's end, the N.R.A. had Rosie on the run, having posted news of her exchange with Selleck on its website along with phone numbers for registering complaints with both her and K Mart. (O'Donnell appears in ads for the chain, one of America's largest gun retailers.) After a barrage of calls, she issued three apologies on successive days. “While I don't recommend the purchase or use of guns of any type, it is legal in America to be a responsible gun owner or seller,” she said Friday. Proving once again that the N.R.A. is not going quietly. —By Vivica Novak



QUEEN OF SLICE: Daytime diva O'Donnell trades punches with Selleck over gun control and his role as an N.R.A. “spokesman”

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SPECIAL REPORT: TROUBLED KIDS

A SURGE OF TEEN SPIRIT

A Christian girl, martyred at Columbine High, sparks a revival among many evangelical teens

By DAVID VAN BIEMA



**Littleton martyr
Cassie Bernall**

ON APRIL 21, A DAY AFTER the massacre just one state away, sixth-grader Susan Teran joined her classmates in practicing a new drill called Code Red. First they locked the door to their classroom in Marshall Middle School in Wichita, Kans. Then they placed their chairs on top of the tables and pushed the tables against the wall, out of the windows' line of sight. Then they crawled beneath the entire pile. At first they were too slow, and although Susan's teacher didn't say too slow for what, nobody needed to ask. The second time, Susan reports proudly, "we got it down to 20 seconds." She adds, "It made me feel more comfortable if something like the Colorado shooting would happen at my school."

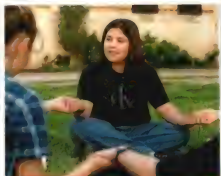
But what makes her feel even more prepared, she says, is her re-energized Christian faith. Since the massacre in Littleton, Susan's church youth group has prayed regularly for the students at Columbine High School. The calamity, its emotional impact reinforced last week by the shooting in Conyers, Ga., has also transfixed her school's Campus Life faith group, led by her older brother Devon. As a result, Susan has reached a personal decision, one based on the example of her new hero, a Christian victim of the Colorado massacre named Cassie Bernall. "If there was a shooter in my school," declares the 12-year-old gravely, "I'd volunteer to sacrifice my life. I'd say, 'Don't shoot my friends; shoot me,' because I know where I'll go when I die."

Similar responses can be heard in schools across the U.S., as the Columbine horror galvanizes teenage evangelical Chris-

tians. "The Internet and the e-mail have been just huge on this among Christian kids and youth organizers," says Doug Clark, field director of San Diego's National Network of Youth Ministries. He reports hundreds of teen gatherings on the tragedy in "dozens" of states. Keith Malcom, the Wichita coordinator for Susan Teran's school group and several dozen others, describes a surge of youths volunteering to be "missionaries" in their schools. The Rev. Billy Epphardt, who officiated at four funerals in Littleton, has received calls from friends around the U.S. reporting a spread of the religious fervor so obvious among Colorado teens since the shootings. If their stories are correct, he says, America's evangelical youth are experiencing a genuine "spiritual revival."

The enthusiasm caps a decade of extraordinary growth for Christian youth groups in middle and high schools. The U.S. Supreme Court in 1990 upheld a law effectively allowing prayer clubs to meet on public school property, if they did so outside of class hours and without adult supervision. Since then, thousands of Bible and prayer clubs have whooshed into what their members saw as a God-shaped vacuum. The new groups are not refuges for dweebs. Unlike their evangelical parents, who often defined themselves as outsiders, today's campus Christians, says Barnard College religion professor Randall Balmer, "are willing to engage the culture on its terms. They understand what's going on and speak the language." Teen evangelicals have their own rock concert circuit, complete with stage diving; their own clothing lines, like Witness Wear; and in the omnipresent wjwp ("What would Jesus do?") bracelet, their own breakthrough accessory.

And now their own martyr. Cassie Bernall's life and death have inspired millions of Americans, but the tribe to which she belonged was that of adolescent evan-



WICHITA, KANSAS

Prayer circle: Susan Teran and other members of her Campus Life group found renewal through the tragedy in Littleton

gelism. One need attend only one youth gathering to collect an anthology of similar stories: a lost teen dabbles in drugs and witchcraft, finally comes to Jesus and joins a mission to gang members. The difference in Cassie's case was the remarkable act of Christian witness that followed. Some reports have her simply answering yes when the Columbine gunman asked if she believed in God; others record the reply, "There is a God, and you need to follow along God's path." In either case, he murdered her; and in her commitment teens see a vital challenge to their Christian iden-



SOUL SURVIVORS:
Columbine High
students in prayer

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD; GETTY

Mainline Protestantism does not make much of martyrdom, but the more emotional evangelical variety honors it, sometimes in connection with murdered missionaries or persecuted Christians in places like China and Sudan, and sometimes to lend strength in the face of indignities suffered at the hands of American secularism. At Cassie's funeral, her pastor said she was in "the martyrs' hall of fame." She has been compared to the early female saints Perpetua and Felicity, and her interrogation by her murderer recalls Christian persecutions throughout history. But for youngsters the most important thing, explained Teen Mania attendee Heather Miller, 18, is that "a lot of martyrs have been older, and you don't hear about teens." (An exception, Joan of Arc, drew a nice audience for CBS last week.)

In middle and high schools, the blessing and curse of young Christians is that their faith requires them to buck peer pressure over temptations like drugs, alcohol and sex. By refusing to hide her Christianity, Cassie triumphantly sustained her confession in the face of the ultimate peer pressure—the barrel of a gun. And her story has other messages for believers. A fear of dying outside God's grace motivates many evangelicals, and Littleton, says Epperhart, "shows the teens that your life can be taken at any moment." Wendy Zoba, author of the upcoming book *Generation 2K: What Parents and Others Need to Know About the Millennials*, says many youths appreciate a radical refutation of high school materialism: "Cassie captured in that moment a blind faith in something greater than instantaneous gratification."

Religious teens also see in Littleton a unique opportunity to evangelize. Lauren Leahy, 14, attends a Christian school in Carrollton, Texas, but goes to a Bible-study group for public school students. She says that after the shooting "we saw a huge increase in people coming to repentance." Classmate Kevin Bieri, 14, reports excitedly, "My unsaved friends keep asking why Cassie said yes [to the God question]. Sometimes if a lot of them are interested, I will get a Bible and walk them through Scripture to help them understand."

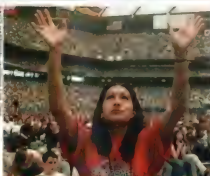
In the days after the killing, the parents of Rachel Scott, another evangelical slain at Columbine High, did not comment about the details of their daughter's death. Two weeks ago, however, they broke that silence. Their understanding is that Rachel's murderer shot her first in the leg and then asked if she believed in God. When, like Cassie, she said yes, he replied, "Then go be with him now!" Such testimony, evangelical youth leaders say, will keep the fires of revival burning bright.

—Reported by
Julie Grace/Chicago and Emily Mitchell/New York



LITTLETON, COLORADO

Another martyr? Larry and Beth Nimmo, parents of Rachel Scott, have let pastor Bruce Porter tell the story of her death



PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Change of plan: a rally by the Teen Mania mission group was transformed into a 73,000-odd memorial to Cassie Bernal

tity. A posting by a Florida girl cyber-named Marrinn on a Christian bulletin board is typical: "I don't drink. I don't smoke. I've never done drugs. But I haven't totally pledged all of my being to God. When I heard [Cassie's] story I realized she gave up everything. She DIED for Him ... Would I have done the same?"

Immediately after the Columbine slaughter, teen Christian groups gathered spontaneously on their campuses. Some headed reflexively for school flagpoles, as they had back in September while participating in the massive exercise in evangelical

solidarity called See You at the Pole. Rallies planned for other purposes morphed into Littleton remembrances. At a long-planned April 24 jamboree by Teen Mania in Pontiac, Mich., speaker after speaker preached to a throng of 73,000 on Cassie's life and death (she once attended a Teen Mania meeting), and thousands signed an enormous condolence card. The same thing happened all over the U.S. during observances of the National Day of Prayer on May 6. A videotape made by Bernal's parents on which her mother states that "Cassie was born for this" spread from group to group like wildfire.



CW: BOY
NOWHERE TO GO:
G.I.'s clean Apaches
that Washington
does not want to
send into combat

GROUNDNED IN KO

If NATO can't win from the air and won't go in on the ground, it has to find a diplomatic way out

By MARK THOMPSON WASHINGTON

WAR IS HELL, BUT IT TURNS out that some parts burn hotter than others. Only one picture frightens the White House more than televised images of the Chinese embassy aflame from an errant NATO bomb. That is a rerun of the scene from Mogadishu in 1993, when Somalis dragged a G.I.'s body through the streets of their capital. The searing footage, the result of a helicopter assault gone awry, turned Capitol Hill and the American public against the humanitarian Somalia mission overnight. That's what haunts the Clin-

ton team as it struggles to attain victory in Kosovo. "Downed helicopters and dead pilots," an Army officer said last week, "scare this Administration to death."

As the war enters its third inconclusive month, political and public battle fatigue is setting in. Washington and NATO insist their bombing crescendo is slowly but perceptibly sapping Slobodan Milosevic's power and will to fight. Their spokesmen point daily to encouraging signs: last week it was word of soldiers' desertions and scattered antiwar protests inside Yugoslavia. Allied military briefers called the strife the most interesting battle damage they have seen in weeks. Belgrade, spared bombing for days in the wake of the mistaken attack

on Beijing's mission, is once again blackened by flames from allied fire.

Yet a growing array of critics contend that the air campaign is doing too little too slowly. The allies, they warn, must fight harder if they are to prevail before NATO unity collapses under a crush of divergent political pressures. Statistically, U.S. pilots were in greater danger of dying during peacetime flights last year than while bombing Serbia last month. Too many laser-guided bombs are going astray and killing innocent civilians. Just last Friday, NATO mistakenly hit a Kosovo rebel base near the capital, Pristina. Washington is not leading the war but shying away from winning it. "If NATO wants a military victory in Yugoslavia, the only way to get it is to risk pilots now," says Maurizio Cremasco, a former general in the Italian air force. "They don't do this for the same reason the Apache helicopters haven't been utilized—because low-altitude flying still in-

TOWER OF BABEL

The question of using ground troops brings out the hidden disagreements inside NATO



Germany

Chancellor Schröder calls ground troops "unthinkable" and pledges to block any NATO combat on land

U.S.

Last week President Clinton said the "option" of using ground troops remained open, but he still stands opposed



Britain

Prime Minister Blair has been NATO's lone voice calling on the alliance to prepare to invade Yugoslavia

SOVO

volves the risk that pilots and crews will get shot down and killed."

Therein lies the crux of NATO's dilemma. Except for Britain, no other nation has seemed willing to sacrifice its soldiers to this cause, in the skies or on the ground. Yet this week the U.S. will urge NATO to send 50,000 ground troops to the region, either to escort the Kosovars home with Milosevic's assent or to threaten an invasion without it. The war could succeed faster if the allies risked their own troops more, but political leaders fear the first body bags would destroy the public support they need to keep the confrontation going. But the slow and uncertain progress from 12,000 ft. is eating away at popular approval anyhow. Pit that against the prospect that if the air strikes fail to move Milosevic, ground troops might have to step in, and what's a poor NATO leader to do? Scramble for a diplomatic way out—the faster, the better.

A diplomatic phalanx went into furious motion last week as Washington stewed over martial means and ends. Colin Powell, the former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff whose Gulf War success carries great weight, spoke up on Kosovo after weeks of silence. A foreign policy imbroglia that requires military force needs clear, precise goals if that force is to be used wisely, advised the retired Army general. "You have to have pretty solid political objectives, and then apply decisive force to them," he said. "Nothing in the Powell doctrine says no casualties." He pointedly noted that the Gulf War planners kept all their options open from the start. "We had a ground force waiting," he said, "when air power had gone as far as we could take it."

But NATO continues to shrink from any change in its carefully calibrated "Goldilocks" air campaign—not too hard, not too soft. The chief culprits appeared to reside in Washington, where "there are people in the military who are putting the brakes on," says a U.S. diplomat.

Nothing illustrated Washington's hesitancy more than the Apache debate that burst into the open last week. Just 48 hours into the war, NATO Commander Wesley Clark called on Washington to send in the state-of-the-art AH-64 helicopter gunships as the best weapon against Milosevic's ferocious ground-level cleansing of Kosovo. After a week of backroom debate, a deeply reluctant Pentagon and White House agreed to deploy the Army's premier tank killers—but not to use them in battle. More than two weeks later, to great fanfare, the first of 24 began arriving in Albania along with their 3,350 attendant soldiers, where two aircraft crashed, killing two pilots in practice exercises. Top Pentagon officials oppose putting the gunships into the skies over Kosovo. "We're not going to trade two Apaches for six Serb tanks," a U.S. military officer said, explaining the fear of losses if the Apaches go into battle. Now it appears they may never see action. Last week Clinton said the Army's Apaches may not be needed because the Air Force's A-10 attack planes could do the same job of killing tanks and armor "at less risk."

It's true the Apaches' mission raises the threshold of danger. They would fly at night with their lights out. They'd skim less than 100 ft. over the mountainous terrain at only slightly more than 100 m.p.h. "There are a lot of individuals out on the battlefield carrying small arms and shoulder-fired weapons," says ex-Apache commander Colonel Mike Hackerson, now at the Pentagon. "It could turn into a bit of a knife fight, but that's part of the business." The grunts who fly the choppers say they're confident in

their aircraft and their mission plan. "Some people have a perception that we are daunted by the threat posed by heat-seeking missiles, small-arms fire, radar systems and things like that," says Captain Mark Arden, with Task Force Hawk in Albania. "But enormous resources are put into this aircraft to defeat just those threats."

The Pentagon isn't so sure. The brass are worried that the Serbs have moved hundreds of SA-7 shoulder-fired missiles toward Albania, lurking in the valleys the Apaches would follow into Kosovo, just waiting for the gunships to cross the frontier. "The Apaches are MANPADS magnets," an Army officer says, referring to the acronym for Man-Portable Air Defense System, used for the small-missile launchers. "We keep asking the Army," a Joint Staff officer says, "how many Apaches they think are going to come back." That's why the helicopters—initially heralded as saviors—still sit at their Albanian base, twiddling their rotor blades.

Another reason officers give for grounding the Apaches is what might happen to the 400,000 Kosovars crowded into Albania if the choppers fly. "If we launch attacks from Albania, the Serbs aren't going to see it as a neutral country," a Joint Staff planner says. "And a lot of those refugees are in crowded camps within range of Serbian artillery." Already smarting over charges that the allied bombing accelerated Milosevic's ethnic cleansing, the Pentagon doesn't want to be blamed for triggering more civilian carnage.

Military and political leaders probably wouldn't be agonizing over what planes to fly, and how high, if they could settle on an answer to the question of ground troops. The longer the air war drags on, the more frequently the ground issue pops up. Last week the alliance found itself in a new muddle as various capitals sent out contradictory messages. German Chancellor Gerhard Schröder called the use of ground troops "unthinkable" and pledged to block any alliance combat on land. From London came the opposite, a steady drumbeat of demands by the Blair government to start assembling a ground force that could go into Kosovo even without agreement from Milosevic. Long after the threat might have spooked the Serbian leader, Clinton for the first time last week reserved the right to send in ground troops. Two days later, NATO Commander Clark visited the Pentagon to push for deployment of the 50,000 ground troops, trying to make sure they'd be there before the snow flies. But Italy and Greece called for a bombing pause before addressing the ground-troops issue at all.

Since the war's start, allied unity has been more important than lethality. Unless

NATO reaches a credible consensus to gather a serious invasion force, the Tower of Babel talk won't do much to move Milosevic. Threatening to dispatch troops at the start might have given him pause, or at least forced some of his soldiers to stay home and protect Serbian borders instead of depopulating Kosovo. Had a relatively small ground force been deployed by now, it could have made the air war more lethal by spotting targets and flushing Serbian armor from hiding. But now the noisy, public ground-troops debates seem more likely to crack apart NATO than to cow Milosevic.

While the Clinton Administration likes to lay responsibility on NATO for originally barring the use of ground troops, in reality the White House grabbed onto European reluctance as a handy way out of a thorny thicket. Ardor for a ground war is as lack-

fliting proposals, to Milosevic's delight.

A more sure-footed White House could take the lead in convincing the public that ground troops might be necessary. Indeed, one poll showed that 60% of 1,206 Americans surveyed last week by the University of Maryland would back the dispatch of troops if it were required to prevail, even at the cost of 250 American lives. But soldiers—and politicians with an eye on the next election—believe such numbers are thoroughly squishy. "The political support for this operation isn't so strong that it can tolerate high casualties," insists retired Army General John Shalikashvili, who succeeded Powell as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. "You should avoid the casualties if you can, even if it takes a little longer."

Or a lot longer. The diplomacy to end the war has been as slow to gather momen-

still believes he can pick and choose the parts he will accept from NATO's peace plan.

That leaves the allies to dicker among themselves and with Russia over what bits might be negotiable. NATO has watered down slightly its original five cease-fire demands into an eight-point Group of Eight plan to win Russian participation, but important differences on key details remain. The biggest gap, though, may be Moscow's desire for a deal that lets Milosevic save face and keep control over Kosovo. Officials in Washington say their view is hardening: that Milosevic must no longer have that much power.

Diplomacy is destined to pick up speed as both NATO and Belgrade begin to realize they don't want the air war to last more than a few months. If NATO is not ready to take risks to defeat Milosevic, it may have to prepare itself, and the wider world,



SERBS A videotape made in late March and obtained by CNN shows Albanians whom witnesses say were killed in the village of Izbica



NATO A human rights inspector surveys Belgrade's Dragisa Misovic hospital after it was accidentally hit by allied planes late last week

ing in Washington as in every NATO capital but London. "If the U.S. wants to do something in NATO, like send in ground troops, it happens," says Ivo Daalder, director of the European Affairs office of the White House's National Security Council during Clinton's first term. "We've been consistently hiding behind NATO to avoid doing what we don't want to do."

Clinton's abdication of command on the issue leaves the alliance rudderless. "I think it is fundamentally dishonorable for a country which proclaims itself the world's leader to refuse to put soldiers on the line for its principles," says political science Professor John Harper of Johns Hopkins University. The resulting vacuum invites other NATO nations to float their own, con-

tum as the air campaign itself. Although the pace quickened last week as an assortment of peace brokers jetted around Europe, they are producing about the same vague results. "We're creeping forward; we're inching forward," says a senior Administration official. "We're not taking great strides."

Last week Belgrade was throwing out hints that Serbia is ready to cut a deal. The government's savvy, well-spoken Minister Without Portfolio Goran Matic predicted in a New York Times interview that "we can expect a political settlement" this week. But the only man whose word really counts is Milosevic, and the word he keeps using is *Ne*. Even if he is looking for an exit, says a Russian official privy to Milosevic's talks with Moscow mediator Viktor Chernomyrdin, he

for the least bad negotiated settlement.

And winter comes quickly in Kosovo. Clinton pleaded for the allies to "stay focused and patient." But there are not many months left for the air campaign or the diplomacy to work in time for ethnic Albanians to be shepherd home to their charred villages before the autumn snows turn the battered province into a frigid moonscape. So too does the inflexible logic of winter force NATO to confront whether ground troops even remain a live option. As a State Department official noted, there's a lot of motion going on, but not a lot of change.

—With reporting by Massimo Calabresi/Vienna, James Graff/Brussels, Thomas Sancton/Paris, Jan Stojaspal/Tirana and Douglas Waller/Washington

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GRUFF AND VERY TOUGH

Israel bets that an enigmatic ex-commando can make peace and heal the nation's religious divisions

By LISA BEYER JERUSALEM

JAMES CARVILLE COULDN'T TAKE HIS eyes off his client's small, pudgy hands. A killer's hands. "I couldn't, like, concentrate," the American political consultant recalls of his initial encounter with Ehud Barak, Israel's most decorated soldier and its new Prime Minister-elect. "I just kept wondering how many people he'd killed." By the time they met again to launch his campaign, Carville had a different question in mind: How would they make candidate Barak, legendary commando and former army chief, equally lethal in politics?

Last week's stunning election results prove they figured it out. Once an ill-adapted politician disparaged in his own Labor Party, Barak learned to be a masterly contender, trouncing Likud incumbent Benjamin Netanyahu, who had been mythologized as invincible. In the balloting, Barak took 56% of the vote, an outlandish majority in a country where the two main parties traditionally just about break even.

Barak's mandate, combined with the voters' choice of a center-left majority in parliament, gives the incoming Prime Minister considerable authority to reverse Netanyahu's policies of division and obstruction and energetically pursue peace settlements with Israel's Arab neighbors. Those neighbors breathed a sigh of relief at Netanyahu's defeat but gave no whoops of joy for a former general's victory. Top officials at the White House and State Department were cautious with their celebrating as well.

Though Barak is less hawkish than Netanyahu, he is a carnivore nonetheless. And amid Israel's angry divisions, he will have no easy ride. The promise of a new era has been raised, but few are certain that the enigmatic, untried Barak is the man to lead the Middle East to it.

The communal farm where Barak, 57, was raised bred into him the kibbutz movement's tradition of being at once leftist and militant, aggressively prepared to make either peace or war as circumstance dictated. For most of Barak's life, it was war. He was an unlikely warrior, tiny, uncoordinated and a bit of a nerd. His younger brother Avinoam recalls that kids hated playing soccer with Barak because he'd kick them instead of the ball. He preferred piano lessons, a highfalutin pursuit in the sweaty world of the kibbutz, and is still an accomplished musician. In school he resisted discipline but compensated with wit. Once asked by a teacher to read aloud his homework assignment, Barak delivered a clever essay from a blank sheet of paper. Bored by high school, he was kicked out in his senior year for truancy and earned his diploma in the army.

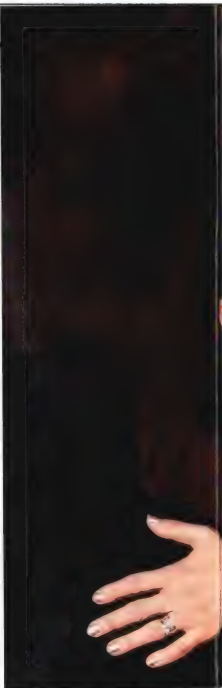
When he entered the army at 17, the baby-faced Barak was just 5 ft. 4 in. tall and not yet shaving. (He grew 3 in. but never lost the baby face.) His sharp mind won him a place in the most elite of commando units, the Sayeret Matkal, where his bravery, innovation and navigational skills soon made him a military hero. Avinoam, who served in the same unit, recalls a time in the 1960s when

BARAK'S TO-DO LIST

- BUILD a solid, inclusive governing coalition
- WITHDRAW Israeli troops from south Lebanon
- NEGOTIATE a final peace with the Palestinians
- RESUME land-for-peace talks with Syria
- PARE DOWN privileges of ultra-Orthodox Israelis
- ATTRACT investment to invigorate the economy

Barak was leading troops on a mission inside Syria. They discovered that the locals were waiting in ambush, and Barak's commander in Israel ordered a retreat. The little commando switched the radio off, completed the assignment and returned safely home.

Taking a break from the army, Barak earned a bachelor's degree in physics and mathematics at Jerusalem's Hebrew University. To make some spending money, he worked for a time as a private eye, special-





BROAD MANDATE
Barak, here with his
wife Nava, has the
authority now to
pursue peace

izing in cheating husbands. It was on campus that he first dated his future wife, Nava Cohen, now an English teacher. Sitting in the library beside her while they both listened to music on headphones, he handed her the movie listings with a question mark drawn at the top. She replied with an exclamation point inked over her choice. Today they have three daughters.

Barak went on to obtain a master's in systems engineering from Stanford University. As is customary when an Israeli

goes abroad, he chose a Hebrew replacement for his East European surname. Brog, Barak had the appropriately militaristic meaning of "lightning," but because of a speech defect that turns his r's into w's, he cannot quite pronounce it.

In 1971 the 29-year-old was chosen to lead the Sayeret Matkal, and began a string of daredevil heroics. The next year, he and Netanyahu were among the special forces who donned maintenance workers' white overalls to storm a Sabena airplane hi-

jacken en route to Tel Aviv airport. Long fascinated by mechanical devices, Barak skillfully picked a lock to open the airplane door. In 1973 he dressed as a woman to infiltrate Beirut with a unit that assassinated three leaders of the Palestine Liberation Organization. He was a commander of Israel's famous 1976 operation to rescue hostages at Uganda's Entebbe airport. Most of his exploits remain classified. In all, he earned five citations for bravery, more than any other soldier in Israeli history.

Barak was less appreciated for his unconventional. When he was a junior officer, one of his soldiers was disabled by a broken leg, so he substituted Avinoam to fill the roster and complete a month of desert maneuvers, even though his brother was underage and not yet inducted into the army. As a general, Barak won a mock battle with another division by sending scouts to the rival camp the night before to steal their communications gear.

Eventually, the unorthodox commando rose to be head of military intelligence, then deputy Chief of Staff, before taking full charge as army chief in 1991. When Labor's Yitzhak Rabin, himself once Chief of Staff, was elected Prime Minister in 1992, he began to groom the like-minded Barak as his successor.

Both men were sick of belligerence. Says Barak: "People who experience fighting personally tend to calibrate more carefully what it means to be in a permanent state of war." The two soldiers agreed that peace accords, not the continued occupation of Arab land, were ultimately the best safeguard for Israel's security. In contrast to the ultra-vigilant Netanyahu, they shared a confidence in the country's strength. Barak once said Netanyahu saw Israel as a "carp among barracudas" while he saw it as a "benign killer whale."

Even while seeking friends, Rabin and Barak never shirked from striking enemies hard. Barak likes to call it "killing the mosquitoes while draining the swamp," and his army packed a powerful swat. To suppress the Palestinian uprising against occupation, he sent undercover units into the West Bank and Gaza Strip to hunt down underground leaders; human-rights groups called them death squads. To quell terrorist attacks, he supported the 1992 deportation to Lebanon of 415 Palestinian Hamas militants, a harsh collective punishment that inflamed international opinion and was in time reversed. In 1993, as part of Israel's unavailing struggle to crush south Lebanon's Islamist militia Hizballah, he launched Operation Accountability, ruthlessly flattening Lebanese villages and killing 127 people.

Six months after retiring from the army, in 1995, Barak entered politics as Rabin's Interior Minister. When Rabin was assassinated by a right-wing zealot that November, Shimon Peres, the successor, quickly made Barak Foreign Minister. But the moment Peres lost to Netanyahu in the 1996 election, Barak jumped in to take over as party chief, ranking Labor leaders, who regarded the former general as an upstart.

Labor's Old Guard also chafed at his abrupt, high-handed style. In an early miscalculation, Barak summarily fired half the staff at headquarters without consulting anyone. When the pink-slipped employees barricaded themselves inside the building, he was forced to back down. His arrogance had been an

border raid, Barak accompanied the infiltrators to the frontier, but, says Cohen, "Ehud wouldn't tell me one personal word. I understood this was business. There was no room for gestures." Yet when the forces returned safely, Barak rushed over to Cohen to hug him. "He's so targeted, so cool," says Cohen. "But after all, he's very human."

He will need to display that hidden side if Israelis are to unite behind a renewed peace process. Washington, eager for a foreign policy success before Clinton leaves office, especially against the grim backdrop of Kosovo, will urge the parties to speed toward new agreements. Barak wants agreements too, but on his terms. He has pledged to withdraw Israeli forces from south

Lebanon within a year, but he rejects the notion of a unilateral pullout. He is ready to do a deal with Syria on returning the Golan Heights but hangs tough on demilitarization and full normalization of ties.

Unlike Netanyahu, Barak has said he has no objections to the creation of a Palestinian state. Still, he would impose limitations that are unacceptable to the Palestinians: annexing large chunks of the West Bank containing Jewish settlements; refusing to

share Jerusalem. The Palestinians regard him dubiously. Senior officials recall that in the early days of peacemaking, he, unlike a number of other Israeli generals, declined to meet them. Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat, who has met Barak three times, has complained that he is "just a cold fish."

That coolness is partly a reflection of Barak's unsentimental approach to peace. Rarely has he addressed the Palestinian people directly or acknowledged their rights and aspirations. Says a close aide: "It's not about granting the Palestinians justice but about promoting our own interests." Even for Rabin, the dry, old combatant who could hardly be accused of excessive emotion, the negotiations weren't just about that. While he acted principally out of Israel's interest, Rabin had concluded that the peace process was also a moral imperative. But he was at the end of a long career, confident in his vision and prepared to take risks to achieve it. Cocky though his protégé may be, Barak is just starting out.

—With reporting by Jamil Nasrad/Jerusalem, Scott MacLeod/Cairo and Douglas Walker/Washington

Sharansky: Nobody's Pawn

IT'S PROBABLY A SAFE BET THAT NATAN Sharansky, former Soviet dissident and leader of the Russian immigrants in Israel, voted for Netan-

yahu, the man he credits with helping free him from the Soviet gulag. But he may have cost his buddy the race. The other Soviet Jews, 700,000 of whom have arrived in Israel in the past decade and who now represent 14% of the nation's electorate, swung victory to Barak. Veteran Israelis tend to stick rigidly in either the Labor or Likud camp, but "the Russians," as they are called, can go either way. This time just over half voted for Barak, enough to give him the edge.

Netanyahu's once solid lead among the Russians began to unravel the moment Sharansky's immigrant party, Yisrael Ba'aliya, unveiled its TV ads. They steadfastly focused on winning control of the Interior Ministry, which determines who can immigrate to Israel and with what rights. The ultra-Orthodox have long controlled the ministry, notoriously harassing Russian immigrants by questioning their Jewish bona fides.

Barak, who had already used Russian grievances in his own campaign, quickly hinted that he'd give Sharansky the Interior portfolio. It took Netanyahu a week to match the offer. The trend had been set. More and more Russians concluded that their natural home was with the secularist Barak and not with the ultra-Orthodox-allied Netanyahu. Barak will almost certainly feel obliged to give Interior to Sharansky's party, which also demands the Housing Ministry as vital to new immigrants. Sharansky says he has no problems working with the "very bright and very intellectual" Barak, though they won't be playing chess again, as they did during the campaign. The Russian, an accomplished master, checkmated Barak in seven moves. In politics, too, Sharansky is nobody's pawn.

—By Lisa Beyer/Jerusalem



THE LEGEND Barak, left, on the wing of the jet during the 1972 hijack rescue

annoyance in the military, where detractors dubbed him "Napoleon," for Napoleon. In the political world, there was less tolerance. One Labor figure publicly called Barak a "dictator"; another said he had "delusions of grandeur."

Barak was no great hit with the public either. In small settings, he could be charming and light. But in crowds he bored audiences with stiff pontifications. Commentator Larry Derfer wrote in the *Jerusalem Post* that Barak came across as a "potato," an impression that stuck. When the candidate finally did blurt out something sexy, it was a gaffe: he said that if he'd been born Palestinian he probably would have joined a terrorist organization.

As Israel's leader, Barak's biggest liability may be his lack of empathy—that Clintonesque ability to connect with others. He can be famously detached, recalls Doron Cohen, his brother-in-law, who served under Barak in the Sayeret Matkal. The first time he sent Cohen off on a cross-

The life and times of Wendy Layton.

A 70-ton miracle.

"He's not stopping," was all Wendy Layton's brain had time to scream before the dump truck slammed into the rear of her Saturn. The impact was so forceful it sent her into the back end of another dump truck, which had also stopped just moments before.

Now this might be a good place to point out a few things about a Saturn's steel-reinforced spaceframe and safety cage. For starters, it alone cannot always save your life. But what it can do is absorb a pretty powerful impact and dissipate it through front and rear crumple zones, while helping to keep the passenger compartment from being totally crushed. (Yes, she was wearing a seatbelt.)



Okay, you're thinking, safety cages, crumple zones, steel-reinforced spaceframes—these aren't exactly unique. But putting them all together in a thoughtful package, and doing it for under \$15,000, is.

Okay, you're also thinking, Wendy Layton was incredibly lucky. She was indeed. But she also wasn't about to push that luck again, which is why she went right back and bought another Saturn.



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IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY

A TIME investigation into Indonesia's Suharto and his children uncovers a \$15 billion fortune

By JOHN COLMEY and DAVID LIEBHOLD
JAKARTA

WHEN PROTESTING students and street mobs finally drove Suharto, Indonesia's long-serving President, from office a year ago, he stood meekly to the side as his successor, B.J. Habibie, took the oath of office. Then Suharto slipped quietly from view. But the onetime autocrat has been far busier than most of his countrymen realize. In July 1998 the U.S. Treasury's attention was caught by reports that a large sum of money linked to Indonesia had been shifted from a bank in Switzerland to one in Austria. As part of a four-month investigation that covered 11 countries, TIME has concluded that \$9 billion of Suharto money was transferred from Switzerland to a nominee bank account in Vienna. Not bad for a man whose presidential salary was \$1,764 a month when he left office.

Those billions are just part of the Suharto wealth. Though the Asian financial crisis has trimmed the family empire considerably, the former President and his children retain a sizable fortune. TIME correspondents found indications that at least \$73 billion passed through the family's hands between 1966 and last year. Evidence indicates that Suharto and his six children still have a conservatively estimated \$15 billion in cash, shares, corporate assets, real estate, jewelry and fine art. The treasure was accumulated over three decades from a skein of companies and monopolies dominating vast sectors of the country's economic activity—from oil exports to incoming Mecca pilgrims—and

from the Suhartos' interests in some 13,900 sq. mi. of Indonesian property, an area the size of Belgium.

When TIME published its 14-page report in Asia last week, it touched off shock waves. Suharto denies he has any bank deposits abroad and insists that his wealth amounts to just 46.9 acres of land, plus \$2.4 million in savings, and he went on television on Friday to tell the nation he has done nothing wrong. His lawyers informed TIME that he intended to file suit for "false" charges that "defamed and humiliated" him. But an avid public savored details confirming suspicions of corruption and private profiteering that have swirled

around the Suhartos for decades. On Friday, protesters demanding the former President be put on trial clashed with police. Attorney General Andi Muhammad Ghalib, who oversees an official inquiry into the family's wealth that has been creeping along inconclusively, told reporters, "I will set up a legal team to ask for confirmation from TIME." Amid dozens of newspaper, radio and TV reports, Indonesia's two leading magazines announced they are writing cover stories about the exposé, which appeared just as Indonesia was preparing for the first post-Suharto elections in June.

Indonesians clearly deserve to know if their former ruler used his political power to enrich his family. According to TIME's investigation, the six Suharto offspring have significant equity in at least 564 com-

panies, and their overseas interests include hundreds of other firms, scattered from the U.S. to Uzbekistan and Nigeria. The Suhartos also possess plenty of the trappings of wealth. In addition to a \$4 million hunting ranch in New Zealand and a half share in a \$4 million yacht moored in Australia, youngest son Hutomo Mandala Putra (nicknamed "Tommy") owns a 75% stake in an 18-hole golf course with 22 luxury apartments in England. Bambang Trihatmodjo, Suharto's second son, has an \$8 million penthouse in Singapore and a \$12 million mansion in an exclusive neighborhood of Los Angeles, just up the street from his brother Sigit Harjuyudanto's \$9 million home. Eldest daughter Siti Hardiyanti Rukmana ("Tutut") may have sold her Boeing 747-200 jumbo jet, but the family's fleet of planes included, at least until recently, four other jets.

No one has proved that the Suhartos broke any laws amassing such possessions. Their companies consist mostly of operating entities that turn profits, create jobs and import Western technology. Nonetheless, the code of secrecy shielding the family's fortune is breaking down.

There seems to be little doubt that the family grew wealthy at the expense of the nation. Suharto laid the foundation by establishing an intricate nationwide system of patronage that kept him in power for 32 years. His children, in turn, parlayed their ties to the presidency into the role of middlemen for government purchases and sales of oil products, plastics, arms, airplane parts

SUHARTO HOLDINGS

SECTOR	CASH AND ASSETS* (in billions)
Oil & gas	\$ 17.0
Forestry & plantations	\$ 10.0
Interest on deposits	\$ 9.0
Petrochemicals	\$ 6.5
Mining	\$ 5.8
Banking & financial services	\$ 5.0
Indonesian property	\$ 4.0
Food imports	\$ 3.6
TV, radio, publishing	\$ 2.8
Telecommunications	\$ 2.5
Hotels & tourism	\$ 2.2
Toll roads	\$ 1.5
Airlines & aviation services	\$ 1.0
Cloves production/distribution	\$ 1.0
Autos	\$ 0.46
Power generation	\$ 0.45
Manufacturing	\$ 0.35
Foreign property	\$ 0.08
TOTAL	\$ 73.24
CURRENT HOLDINGS	\$ 15.0

* acquired by the family over 30 years

Source: TIME, in consultation with the independent experts

and petrochemicals. They held monopolies on the distribution and import of major commodities. They obtained low-interest loans by colluding with or even strong-arming state bankers. Subarjo Joyosumarto, managing director of Bank Indonesia, describes an environment that "made it difficult for the state banks to refuse [Suharto's offspring]." A former business associate of the children estimates that on commissions alone, they skipped tax payments of between \$2.5 billion and \$10 billion.

During his long reign, Suharto led an outwardly modest life. Behind the façade, however, he showed an appetite for making money. In the 1950s, he was allegedly involved in sugar smuggling that may have cost him command of an army division during a 1959 anticorruption drive. Suharto asserts

that he bartered sugar for rice to ease a local food shortage and did not benefit personally, but he was transferred to a less influential position at the army staff college.

In 1966 Suharto Inc. began to take shape. Before being officially named President, Suharto issued Decree No. 8, allowing him to seize two conglomerates with combined assets of \$2 billion. They were recast as PT Pilot Project Berdikari, one of the companies that became a main lever of the family empire. But the bedrock of the Suharto fortune was the presidential *yayasan*, or foundation. Dozens were set up, ostensibly as charities, and they have in fact funded a large number of hospitals, schools and mosques. However, the foundations were also giant slush funds for investment projects of the Suhartos and their cronies as well as for the ex-President's political machine. The foundations accepted "donations," which were often less than voluntary. Beginning in 1978, all state-owned banks were required to give 2.5% of their profits to two foundations, according to former Attorney General Soedjono Atmonegoro. Suharto's Decree No. 92, in 1996, required each taxpayer and company making more than \$40,000 a year to donate 2% of income to another foundation, set up to support poverty-alleviation programs. The foundations invested heavily in private companies established by family members and cronies.

Soon after Suharto's resignation, then-Attorney General Soedjono examined the books of the four largest *yayasan*. "Suharto had distributed the money to his children and friends," he says. Soedjono discovered that one of the largest foundations had disbursed 84% of its funds on unauthorized pursuits, including loans to companies owned by Suharto's children and friends. Suharto, as chairman, had had to sign any check over \$50,000. Soedjono submitted a preliminary report on his findings to President Habibie last June and was fired five hours later. (Habibie says Soedjono was dismissed because he stepped outside the line of command on another matter.)

Few areas were more lucrative than the family's oil businesses. Pertamina imported and exported much of its oil through two small companies in which Tommy and older brother Bambang acquired significant stakes in the mid-1980s. According to a senior official in Habibie's government, the firms received average commissions of 30¢ to 35¢ per bbl., totaling more than \$50 million in fiscal year 1997-98.

"The children," as the Suharto offspring are known, were key participants in the family treasure hunt. Sigit, the eldest son, was apparently pushed into business by his mother, Madam Tien, whose own behind-the-scenes dealings in the 1970s earned her the nickname "Madam Tien Percent." Two sources who worked on Jakarta's Soekarno-Hatta International Airport project say that by the time its two terminals were finished in 1984, \$78.2 million had been handed to Sigit in markups that appeared as cost overruns. Second son Bambang was given a slice of the lucrative business of importing and distributing basic commodities, such as wheat, sugar, soybeans and rice. Through sugar trading alone, he is estimated to have earned as much as \$70 million a year, essentially for stamping documents. Eldest child Tutut became the queen bee of the clan. At the peak of her power, according to sources close to the family, investors seeking to meet her first had to pay a "consulting fee" of up to \$50,000 to her minions.

Neither Suharto nor his children responded to requests for interviews, though lawyers for the former President and son Bambang asserted that their clients did nothing illegal. "He told me, 'I don't have one cent abroad,'" says Otto Cornelis Kaligis, Suharto's top lawyer, of his client.

In an interview at the State Palace, Habibie told TIME he will not cover up for his former mentor. But he has neither frozen the family's holdings nor followed up in any meaningful way. The man in daily charge of the investigation, Attorney General Ghalib, a three-star general in the Indonesian military, told TIME before its story appeared that he had found no evidence that his former supreme commander wrongly acquired state assets. Ghalib has been moving slowly, and some of his staffers fear his efforts are not serious.

A genuine investigation will probably have to await a new government. The June 7 parliamentary election, to be followed by a presidential vote in November, could change the political equation substantially. But Suharto has at least one strong legal shield: the presidential decrees that laid the foundation for Suharto Inc. were each carefully approved by his rubber-stamp parliament. Moreover, Jakarta has a statute of limitations on most offenses that would exclude crimes committed before 1981. For Suharto of Indonesia, that—along with \$9 billion in an Austrian bank—should offer considerable comfort in retirement. —With reporting by Zamira Loeblis, Jason Tedjassukmana and Lisa Rose Weaver/Jakarta, Laird Harrison/Los Angeles, Isabelle Ng/Hong Kong, Kate Noble/London and other bureaus



A TALENT FOR BUSINESS: Suharto Inc. amassed a fortune in cash, land, art and jets

B U S I N E S S



BABES, BORDEAUX & BILLY BOBS

HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE NASCAR AND
NOT TO HATE SUPERSTAR JEFF GORDON





JEFF GORDON, the new king of NASCAR, has helped drive the sport to new heights. His success has some race fans rooting for a comeuppance. They could be in for a long wait.

By STEVE LOPEZ

FORGET THE RACE. CREED AND color thing. There is no sharper distinction among the citizens of the world than this: those who care passionately about cars and those who barely know a Buick from a bagel. Just so you know up front, they picked the wrong guy to write this story. Did not take auto shop in high school, never bought a can of STP, never watched a car race. And here I am on my way to Tennessee for the first of three NASCAR races in four weeks. The mission is to meet Jeff Gordon, the 27-year-old stock-car-racing superstar who sells everything from toothpaste to soft drinks on national television, and find out why so many racing fans loathe him.

Also, to answer one of the great riddles of our time: What's the big deal with racing? Essentially, 40 extremely ~~public~~ ~~highly~~ ~~circles~~ ~~a track~~ ~~for~~ ~~three~~ hours, driven by men in jumpsuits that make bowling apparel look sharp. And yet car racing continues to be the hottest, fastest-growing sport in America, generating \$2 billion in revenues and drawing gazillions in sponsorship money. In TV ratings, NASCAR racing blows away every major sport but pro football. With California-born Gordon as its poster boy, NASCAR is expanding



Photographs for TIME by John Chiasson



TENTS IN TALLAHASSEE Two fans rest up before the big race in the still minimal accommodations typical of traditional NASCAR tracks. There is no catering.

beyond its Southeastern roots, going after the wine-and-cheese crowd, and even Donald Trump wants to get in on it. He plans to build a speedway near New York City, where there's a word for people who tailgate at high speeds: cabbies.

FOOD CITY 500

Bristol, Tenn.

MY BIGGEST FEAR IS THAT I WON'T BE ABLE to speak the language. Gordon is going to say something about a carburetor adjustment, and I'll remember going to the auto-parts store for my father and being asked questions that made me feel like the dumb kid in class. How was I supposed to know what size the engine was or that "medium" wasn't an acceptable response?

The first surprise in Bristol is the Woodstock-on-wheels scene. Race fans converge from hundreds of miles away, arriving in motor homes as early as Thursday for parties, concerts, qualifying rounds and a junior-circuit Saturday race called the Busch Series. The local newspaper estimates that race fans will drop nearly \$70 million into local pockets, and the money starts flowing at a Friday-night fund raiser for local children's charities. About 300 people have come to eyeball their racing heroes and bid on auction items like hats, uniforms and a Jeff Gordon jacket.

The evening allows me my first glimpse of Gordon and gives me my first hard evidence that racing fans don't come within 500 miles of normal. These may even be the same people who think Elvis is alive. "Oh, my God!" a woman quivers when she spots Gordon in a shower of camera flashes. (Women tend to like him more than men,

many of whose development seems to have stalled in the towel-snapping phase. Gordon isn't manly enough to be their spiritual leader.) "He's so handsome."

He's got a twinkle in his eye too. But at 5 ft. 7 in., he looks like a stray from the Mickey Mouse Club. He's kind of bashful and aw-shucks looking when bidding begins on his jacket, a rainbow-colored affair bearing the name of his main sponsor—DuPont automotive finishes. Bidding starts at \$500 and ends at \$10,000, and I am stunned. Not by the price but by the idea that someone might leave the house wearing such a thing.

Nearly every Sunday from February through November, 40-some drivers climb into their cars and drive just like those cabbies for 500 miles, stopping only for major

accidents or if the engine spits out a part. In 33 races last year, Gordon won 13 times, tying a record set by Richard Petty, who retired in 1992 but is still known as "the King." They keep standings from race to race, and Gordon has won driver of the year three of the past four years, the youngest ever to win three times. His earnings last year from race winnings, sponsorship deals and the sale of everything from hats to toy cars were \$14 million.

For this, he is appropriately loved and hated, as are all the rich and famous. We'll get to the hate part. As for the love, it means this: from the moment he arrives at a track on Thursday until the moment he leaves on Sunday, he cannot take two steps without drawing Billy Graham-style crowds. People want to touch him, be photographed with him, have him sign their hats, their shirts, their children.

The amazing thing about this scene is that fans can get so close. It's the equivalent of walking on the field at Yankee Stadium during batting practice and asking Derek Jeter if he wouldn't mind posing for a photo with your three kids. DuPont might invite a few hundred car dealers, body-shop owners and other clients to a race, and they'll all get special access. Yet Gordon will climb out of his car after a practice run, and a growing swarm will be waiting to walk him to his trailer. Some of them will tug at him and shove things under his nose for autographs. In my first brief chat with Gordon, I ask if he's ever tempted to flick backhands at the jackals. "No," he says politely. "It's just part of the job."

Not that there isn't some grumbling among drivers. "These are the best of times and the worst of times," says Darrell Waltrip, a former champion who's hanging on

LUXURY IN LA-LA Inside suite No. 1 at the California Speedway, the wine-and-cheese divisions of NASCAR. The sport's growth mandates more separate track



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at age 52 because the popularity and the money make it too hard to leave. "But it used to be just you and the race car. Now it's too big a business, and everybody wants a bigger piece of your time." In the old days, says Waltrip, "Richard Petty used to be able to win a race and sit up on the wall for an hour, sign all the autographs and go home. You sit up on that wall now, you'll get killed." Bill France, whose father started NASCAR 51 years ago, puts it this way: "We have the world's largest locker room."

Accessibility has always been part of the marketing plan, and you can begin to see the simple genius of it. These are souped-up replicas of real Pontiacs, Fords and Chevys—not open-wheel, Indy-type cars—and nearly everyone in America has a car. Nearly everyone has driven too fast too. At a NASCAR race, you can meet someone who gets paid stupid money to drive too

walk into the stadium wearing roughly half a million racing-related logos. The Winston people are giving away cigarettes. The cars are burning fossil fuel. The noise is obscene. There's a Remington firearms car, a Winston No Bull car, a Skoal car. The smells of raw horsepower, burned rubber and expectorated snuff are cooked by a wicked sun.

This is the most unapologetic, politically incorrect, crassly American spectacle I've witnessed since my last trip to Vegas.

I'm beginning to see the appeal.

Unfortunately, I still don't know the first thing about racing. What's the driver got to do with it, for one thing? Isn't it the car that wins? Ray Evernham, Gordon's crew chief, helps me out a little. Every track is different, so the preparation of the car, and the strategy, changes from week to week. During a race, he and Gordon talk by radio. A half-pound of air pressure in one

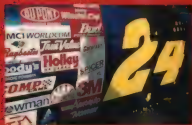
don sensed his moment and pulled a spectacular stunt, diving down off a banked turn to the apron of the track to limbo around two other cars. He won with Dale Earnhardt as close to his bumper as a license plate. Gordon says he drives without fear and that there is a point in every race when "desire overrides everything, and if you really want it badly, special things happen."

Nothing special happens to Gordon in Bristol. He gets into a minor wreck and finishes in sixth place, with his car literally duct-taped together. The week after that, in Goody's 500 in Martinsville, Va., he stays close enough to win but finishes a frustrating third. For the first time in four years, race fans who despise him are smiling.

My notion that the drivers' 750-h.p. days at the track would be followed by even faster nights ends up a wreck too. There's a

DRIVING FOR DOLLARS

NASCAR is mass-marketing on wheels and is supported by nearly every big consumer-goods company, with the cost of running a race-car team about \$40 million annually, the most of the sponsors they can get.



fast. And chances are, he won't cry about his multimillion-dollar contract or go on strike, both of which have turned off fans of other sports. If a NASCAR driver doesn't keep his public happy, no sponsor will back him. And if he doesn't have big-time backing (it costs up to \$10 million a year to keep a racing team going), he isn't going to win.

Blood drained from the faces of baseball purists earlier this year when someone suggested putting advertising on the sleeves of players' jerseys. But NASCAR covers every square inch of a driver's uniform and is proud of it. The right side of Gordon's Chevrolet is plastered with more than 40 logos, and fans say they go out of their way to buy the sponsors' products.

On race day in Bristol, 120,000 fans



tire, added or subtracted during a pit stop, can tighten handling and make the difference between winning and losing.

"Jeff has a good car and a good crew, which is a big part of his success," Evernham says. "But he also has something extra, like Michael Jordan and Mickey Mantle had. He has a different sense of time than you and I. He can slow the race down in his mind, see things coming around and react before the next guy." The key in a race, Gordon says, isn't to drop the hammer "but to tell yourself to be calm, be calm, be calm. And just have a lot of patience to let the race unfold."

At the Daytona 500 earlier this year, the entire field tried to gang-tackle him, deliberately closing off the passing lane, so to speak. But near the end of the race, Gor-

travelling ministry on the NASCAR circuit, and drivers and their families attend Sunday services in a makeshift chapel near the pits. Gordon and his wife Brooke, a former Miss Winston, are often the first two people at Saturday-night Bible study. On race day she'll give him a verse from Scripture, and he'll tape it to his steering wheel.

When drivers aren't praying, they're fasting. Who knew they were an offshoot of the Franciscan monks? As I'm talking to Kyle Petty, the ponytailed shaman among NASCAR drivers, he goes into the refrigerator of his trailer for an energy bar and makes sure it has the right ratio of protein to carbohydrates. "In the trailer park where all the drivers live in their coaches, if you're out of skim milk or tuna, you know

what door to knock on, because you know who's on what diet."

Mark Martin, the health freak who got other drivers to hire personal trainers to keep up with him, lifts weights at 5:45 every morning. "I used to drink too much, and I lived on cheeseburgers and French fries. But the new generation of race-car drivers is going to have to be athletic." On a hot day, a driver can start to fade at 400 miles. "Being in shape could make the difference not only between first or second place but between living and dying," Martin says.

If there is a traditionalist left in racing, it has to be Earnhardt, whose nickname is the Intimidator. I tell him Martin's pre-race meal is tuna with brown mustard on wheat bread. If Earnhardt says he eats the same thing, I'm going to cover golf. "My pre-race meal is steak and potatoes," Earn-

hardt says. "And when Mark's f--- tuna runs out on him at 400 miles, my steak will just be kicking in."

I'll give the story another week.



desperate to escape an image of the race fan as a redneck with his gut hanging out.

Speaking of which: "This is a white man's sport," a 38-year-old landscaper from Auburn, Ala., tells me. "Blacks have taken over all the other sports. Not that I have anything against the blacks."

"I do," says an 18-year-old friend who came to the racetrack in a converted bus and erected not one but two Confederate flags atop it.

"But how often do you hear about a white guy involved with drugs or something like Darryl Strawberry?" the landscaper goes on. O.K., we won't remind him about the Packers' Brett Favre—the celebrity starter for the Daytona 500 who had to beat a prescription-drug addiction before he beat the New England Patriots in the Super Bowl.

Daisy up in the back and drive slowly through cheering throngs. When the girl collects enough Mardi Gras beads from slobbering Bubbas, she answers their obscene chant with a lift of her shirt. Fights break out. Sirens wail. It's like spring break, except nobody came from college.

There's even a gated community called the Front Runners Club, which charges \$500 per motor-home parking space. It's in this section that I find two black guys and tell them they must have taken a wrong turn, because racing is a white man's sport. Cloyd Nightingale, 46, turns to his friend Johnny Hill, 52, and they bust out laughing. "It's a white man's sport," Nightingale repeats to his friend. They're both truck drivers from Memphis, Tenn., and big race fans. "The flags don't bother us," says Hill. "It's not like the world is any different here than it is at home, in school,



hard says. "And when Mark's f--- tuna runs out on him at 400 miles, my steak will just be kicking in."

I'll give the story another week.

DIHARD 500

Talladega, Ala.

IT HAD NOT COME TO THE ATTENTION OF eastern Alabama that the Civil War ended. The track infield has so many Confederate flags flying that it looks like a Klan picnic. When NASCAR senior vice president Brian France tells potential sponsors that "our fans are much savier than people give them credit for," it is to counter this very sight. NASCAR is apoplectic at the thought of racing's being labeled a racist sport, and it's

NASCAR likens car racing to ice hockey in its appeal—mostly white, yes, but diversifying. NASCAR has a handful of black crew members and drivers, and one team is owned by basketball legend Julius Erving and former pro-football star Joe Washington. "Whether you're selling soft drinks, snack foods or a sport, all good marketers know it is important for every single person to want to buy their product," says France. "It is no different for us."

The track at Talladega is so big—2.66 miles—that between 20,000 and 30,000 fans can set up their campers on the infield and watch the race from there. It's like a small city, with good neighborhoods and bad. Guys with pickups spin doughnuts in the mud, then stand an Ellie May or a

at the office." Says Nightingale: "Tell them black people love racing too."

So what's not to like about Jeff Gordon? "He kind of looks gay," says Doris O'Bryant while selling \$10 Fans Against Gordon T shirts outside the Talladega racetrack. The acronym is like something of an inside joke, and one suspects the wink it produces leads to an inevitable flatulence joke or two.

The T shirt has a little sketch of Gordon's car upside down and the words THE WAY IT SHOULD BE. Just up the road, Doris' husband Todd is making a sale to a Missouri man who says, "He's a little cocky, but he's from the north."

And that is clearly a big part of it. NASCAR didn't go national until a Yankee became its star, and resentment is the

breeze that keeps those rebel flags flying. "I'm not one of those redneck hillbillies," Todd O'Bryant says. "I just think Gordon needs to be a little more down to earth."

The object of this scorn walks into his trailer, where I'm waiting to put a magnifying glass on him, and says, "Hey, what's up?" in a slight Midwestern drawl. Gordon grew up in California, but his parents moved him to Indiana at 14 because he'd been racing midget cars since he was a five-year-old, and there was more action in Indiana.

I tell him I saw people selling Fans Against Gordon T-shirts outside the stadium and stopped to talk to them, and he's curious to hear what they had to say. All the usual stuff, I tell him. He's too pretty for NASCAR. He's from the north. He's rich. He always wins. He married a gorgeous woman. If there is a more American urge than to want everything, it's to take down the guy who gets it. "All I can do is try to earn their respect by being who I am and doing what I do," Gordon says.

Good Lord, I want to grab this kid and shake him, mess up his hair, maybe get him to take up cussing. He admits, in the course of 90 minutes of insufferable evenhandedness, that the pressure, obligations and spotlight are overwhelming. "But if you had said, 'Hey, you're never going to have a personal life; you're constantly going to be traveling... talking to sponsors and signing autographs every day for the rest of your career,' I think I'd still say, 'O.K., I'll take it.'"

You hear some private mutterings from other drivers about Gordon's success and about how all the money translates into a better car, a bigger advantage and ever more exposure. "But when Jeff goes on the *Letterman* show, he takes all of us with him," Petty says. "His success has been great for NASCAR and every one of us."

Gordon sometimes wishes he'd gone to college or that he'd had time to make closer friends. But he's trading nothing because he has the only two things he wants: time with Brooke, who travels with him to every race, and time behind the wheel. "Even when I'm in a street car, driving down the road, it's like I'm in a race car. Not speedwise. It's just that I'm constantly paying total attention to everything around me, constantly clocking myself from one point to the next."

The one clue to what's under Gordon's hood is the story of his 1994 split from his mother and the man who raised him and introduced him to racing. Carol and John Bickford, Gordon's mother and stepfather, say they still don't know exactly what happened. But to Jeff it was obvious. As much

as he loves them and believes they put him where he is, he wanted to be more involved in managing his life and career, and they were too controlling. "I was growing up, I'd met a woman I was just head over heels with, and I wanted to be a man," he says. "I wanted to show her that I could be a husband. That I could take care of myself and take care of her, and I felt like I was almost being treated like a little boy."

All three talk occasionally; all three say they'd like to patch it up. But Gordon's unreachability, to his own parents or to the



NO RUSH Like all great athletes, Gordon has a sure sense of when to make a move



next reporter who comes along and tries to break him down, isn't surprising. He is the dog who runs ahead of the pack and doesn't know why. His world begins at 200 miles an hour, and when he is out there, it's a safe place where no one knows him.

On race day private jets hover over the racetrack, waiting in heavy traffic to deliver high rollers to the nearby airfield. Al Copeland, 52, founder of Popeye's chicken, is up there waiting to join his family. Copeland is such a racing nut that he bought five race cars for his family and his 26-year-old girlfriend, and he rents out racetracks for private races.

On the infield, John Gregorian, 37, and four buddies from the Chicago Board of Trade light up \$8 cigars in their rented 22-ft. Tioga Flyer. And Randy Holmes, 41, an

ironworker from Orlando, Fla., climbs on top of his rickety \$4,000 motor home and turns on his scanner to hear the chatter between drivers and crew chiefs. Holmes saved up for two months to come to the race with his stepfather, two sons and a nephew. He doesn't know it, but 75 yds. away in a somewhat more elaborate rig, Texaco CEO Peter Bijur is getting ready to root for Kenny Irwin in the Havoline car.

Fifty laps into the race, Gordon wrecks his car and finishes 38th. It's his fourth washout in a month, and he begins to wonder, for the first time in his career, if the magic is gone. Earnhardt, running on steak and potatoes, wins the race with Martin on his tail, a nickel short with that lousy can of tuna he had for lunch.

CALIFORNIA 500

Fontana, Calif.

IT'S A LONG WAY FROM DIXIE TO HOLLYWOOD. Whereas they spun doughnuts on the infield at Talladega, you can get a massage and a manicure on the infield in California. And there's white wine and Brie instead of beer and pork rinds. You can have your choice of suite sizes too. The single, 20 ft. by 21 ft., goes for \$40,000 for two racing events. The double is \$80,000. Two years after the speedway opened, all 75 suites are booked, there's a waiting list, and 28 new super boxes are coming.

"The concierge service is a California nuance," says Walter Czamecki of Penske Motor Sports, which owns the speedway. The service is located in the VIP motor-coach area, and when I arrive, super-stud driver Rusty Wallace is emerging from a massage. "I never thought I'd be getting a massage in the infield of a racetrack," he says. And just when you think it can get no fluffier, he sits down for a manicure.

"This sport has gone to hell," I tell him. On race day, Gordon begins strong and gets stronger, hypnotizing everyone else into a trance. The magic is back, the slump is done, and he leaves everyone in the dust. It's his third win this year.

As for me, I can't say I'll be sitting in front of the Sony Trinitron every Sunday in a neon Earnhardt or Gordon T-shirt and a NAPA auto-parts hat. But I now check to see who wins each week, and on the highway, I find myself looking for my openings, waiting for just the right moment to jam it in there. Maybe that's how it begins, and before long you're going around repeating the line Bill France says he stole from Hemingway: "There are only three sports. Bullfighting, mountain climbing and car racing. All the rest are just games." ■



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PLAYGUY: In a complex tale of corporate intrigue, Christian Curry sues Morgan Stanley

Nightmare on Wall Street

Discrimination or fraud? The billion-dollar charges fly

By FRANK GIBNEY JR.

WHOM WOULD YOU BELIEVE: CHRISTIAN CURRY, who says he was fired by Morgan Stanley Dean Witter for appearing nude in a gay men's magazine? Or company officials, who say Curry was fired for lying on his expense reports? Would you believe police, who say Curry solicited an undercover cop to plant a racist e-mail in Morgan Stanley's computer system? Or Curry's lawyer, who says Morgan Stanley paid an informant to entrap Curry in order to discredit him?

This sordid tabloid riddle went mainstream last week when Curry, who is black, slapped Morgan Stanley with a Wall Street-size \$1.35 billion lawsuit. The complaint charges that co-workers at the investment bank subjected Curry to racial harassment and discrimination during the nine months he was employed there. Then, Curry claims, after he appeared nude in the April 1998 issue of *Playboy*, a gay magazine, he was fired on the assumption that he was homosexual. He says he's not.

Nailing down the truth in this case may be as ambitious as the financial claim in Curry's lawsuit. Several months after he left Morgan Stanley last year, the Columbia University graduate was arrested for paying undercover police \$200 to plant racist e-mail messages in the Morgan Stanley computer system. The alleged motive was to bolster a planned discrimination lawsuit. Yet last week the New York district attorney's office dropped the charges after discovering that just days after Curry's arrest, Morgan Stanley officials had paid \$10,000 to an informant working with the same undercover police who busted the young analyst.

One problem: nobody will explain what the \$10,000 was for, but it was enough to make the D.A. rethink its case against Curry. Now Morgan Stanley is under investigation.

Whoever paid whom, the lawsuit pitches Wall Street into familiar territory, where charges of racial discrimination have proliferated for years. "Wall Street is still very white male," says Ivan Smith, a prominent New York City employment-rights attorney. "There are tons of discrimination cases there."

Just three months ago, Morgan Stanley settled a similar claim of racism by two black employees (the firm denied wrongdoing). For his part, Curry alleges he was paid less than his white counterparts and was often assigned menial work. Co-workers allegedly derided him and other African-American employees. After the magazine appeared, Curry says, people left messages calling him a "faggot" and a "monkey."

A potential hole in Curry's case is that he acknowledges in his suit that he used his expense account for "adult entertainment" with a client. That, suggests attorney Smith, may abet Morgan Stanley's argument that Curry abused his expense privileges. Perhaps the critical question is whether Curry would still be working at Morgan Stanley had he never appeared nude on the magazine cover. Says Curry: "I should never have posed for those pictures." No matter who wins the lawsuit, both sides may be able to agree on that.

—Reported by

Maryanne Murray Buchner/New York

Green Fords

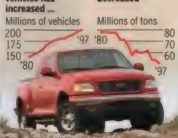
The automaker commits to making cleaner trucks

IN THE AUTO INDUSTRY, WHERE BEING biggest or fastest has always mattered most, the startling new benchmark for bragging rights is being greenest. That's what Ford Motor Co. chief executive Jacques Nasser seemed to be suggesting last week when he announced that beginning this fall, the company's popular F series pickup trucks will pollute the air no more than its cars do today. Just a year ago, Ford said it was cleaning up its sport-utility vehicles' emissions. Now Nasser says the 2000 model trucks will meet Environmental Protection Agency regulations mandated for the year 2004—without costing consumers a nickel more.

The announcement drew cheers from environmentalists and regulators, who warn that America's infatuation with big trucks and sport-utility vehicles poses a dangerous ecological threat because the big rigs emit more pollutants. Ford's 1 million annual truck sales account for a third of the U.S. market. By voluntarily cleaning up its truck emissions, Ford is challenging the industry to do likewise. Says Daniel Becker, director of energy policy at the Sierra Club: "Ford deserves applause for coming out earlier than they were required to with cleaner trucks."

The good publicity is a boon to Ford, which just three months ago was savaged by the greens over the introduction of the giant Excursion utility truck. The Sierra Club dubbed it the Ford Valdez, after the ill-fated oil tanker. The company's new attitude toward the environment reflects a slow shift throughout the industry toward greener machines. Yet the challenge remains: how to balance consumers' craving for size and speed with the need for clean air. At least this time, Ford did both. ■

Although the number of motor vehicles has increased ... carbon monoxide emissions have decreased






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OF CORN AND BUTTERFLIES



Collateral Damage

Genes from a bacterium have been spliced into corn DNA to produce a pest-resistant crop. But pollen from that corn, if it falls on the milkweed that is the only food for the monarch butterfly's larval stage, can kill or stunt the growth of the caterpillars that eat it, scientists reported last week, raising fears of even wider ecological consequences

U.S. farmers are planting 20 million acres of bioengineered corn. Will it poison the monarchs?

By FREDERIC GOLDEN

WITH ITS FLAMBOYANT ORANGE-and-black wings and incredible 1,000-mile migratory flights, the monarch butterfly is one of the world's best-known and most beloved insects. And like a miner's canary, it has become a kind of biological early-warning system, succumbing to environmental changes long before humans notice them.

Last week the monarch sounded another alert—fanning new fears about bioengineered crops.

In a study published in *Nature*, Cornell entomologist John Losey and his colleagues reported that pollen from corn made pest-resistant by the addition of bacterial genes could spell trouble for monarchs. In his experiments, Losey scattered pollen from the genetically modified corn onto

milkweed—the butterfly's only food during its larval or caterpillar stage—and watched what happened with alarm. Most of the caterpillars that ate these leaves either died or were stunted.

The Cornell tests set off a flutter of concern not only for the survival of the monarchs—already threatened by logging in their winter roosts in the mountains west of Mexico City and by pesticides in their Cornbelt breeding grounds—but also over our increasing dependence on high-tech,

genetically engineered food crops. "This is a heads-up," warns entomologist Fred Gould of North Carolina State University.

Approved by the Environmental Protection Agency in 1996, so-called Bt corn has become enormously popular with farmers, and now accounts for up to 25% of the U.S. corn crop, or about 20 million acres. By splicing DNA from the common soil bacterium *Bacillus thuringiensis* into the corn's genes, scientists have created a plant that turns out the same toxin as the bug. While the toxin is deadly to the corn borer, which costs U.S. growers more than \$1 billion annually, it is harmless to humans—as well as to such beneficial insects

IN BRIEF

Better Mousetrap?

No, these lab mice were not bred for the benefit of cats that have trouble seeing in the dark. They do glow, however, thanks to a gene that usually codes for green fluorescence in jellyfish but was knit into the animals' usual complement of mousy DNA by scientists at the University of Hawaii. The experiment was reported in *Science* and demonstrates an improved method of gene transfer—called *Homo*lulu transgenesis—that uses sperm as a vehicle to move DNA from one species to another.



as ladybugs and honeybees. Indeed, organic farmers have long used Bt sprays as a natural pesticide.

With hundreds of millions of dollars at stake, agri-tech companies aren't eager to draw sweeping conclusions from the Cornell experiments. "Obviously, the work is preliminary and inconclusive," says Monsanto spokesman Randy Krotz, minimizing the possibility that corn pollen could ever be blown far enough to affect monarch habitats. But it was just such a discovery—of pollen-dusted milkweed 200 ft. from the edge of cornfields—that prompted Losey's study in the first place. Says he:

"We asked ourselves, 'What would happen if the milkweed would be dusted with Bt [corn pollen]?' His experiments quickly gave an answer: within four days, 44% of monarch larvae placed on the dusted leaves were dead, while controls survived unscathed.

Losey is eager to take the experiments into the field, to measure pollen density at various distances from its source so as to determine risk to monarch larvae at each site. Says Losey: "We have to weigh the costs and benefits [of Bt corn], then decide as a society what we want." But that decision may already have been made. The Bt gene is now regularly spliced into potatoes (as protection against the Colorado potato beetle) and cotton (against the boll weevil).

Five years after U.S. regulators approved the first genetically altered food crop, the "FlavrSavr" tomato, there are all manner of brave new foods on the way: beans and grains with more protein, caffeine-less coffee beans, strawberries packed with more natural sugars, and potatoes that soak up less fat during frying. At last count, says plant ecologist Allison Snow of Ohio State University, field trials have been conducted for some 50 gene-spliced food plants, including squash, melons, carrots, onions, peppers, apples and papayas.

But such tinkering can go awry. As even their proponents concede, spliced genes, like any other genes, can be picked up by wild species. The fear is that they will create what geneticist Norm Ellstrand of the University of California at Riverside, calls "a weeder weed"—a species, such as the superweed that turned up in France when sugar beets crossed accidentally with a wild relative, that is both harder to control and more ecologically disruptive. Scientists also fear that as use of Bt crops increases, so will resistance in the very pests they're aimed at, depriving organic farmers of a natural pesticide they'd come to trust.

Measures are being considered to avert such calamities—for example, ringing cornfields with patches of plain, old-

fashioned corn so that not all pests become resistant. But these efforts haven't silenced critics, especially in Britain, where a noisy debate is raging over what the London tabloids like to call "Frankenstein foods." Last week the British Medical Association called for a moratorium on commercial planting of all transgenic crops until scientists agree on their safety. In India, Monsanto is running into a p.r. buzz saw in its efforts to introduce a Bt cotton called Bollgard—even as it wrestles with continuing

protests over its stalled plans to include in its new crops so-called terminator technology that would compel farmers to buy fresh seed for each planting.

Viewing the new crops as useful alternatives to pesticides, most scientists want work on them to continue, if more cautiously. The message from the monarchs, meanwhile, is that even the most well-intentioned biotechnologies are not risk-free. —With reporting by David Bjorklie/New York and Dick Thompson/Washington

MEDICINE

Drugged Chicks Hatch a Menace

More than 19 million lbs. of antibiotics are fed to cattle, pigs and chickens each year as they amble toward the dinner table. At the same time, doctors treating meat-eating humans have seen a steady and alarming increase in infections resistant to these same antibiotics. Is there a link? Scientists and consumer activists long suspected that there was but were never able to prove it.

Now they can. In the first study to connect antibiotic resistance in humans directly with the food we eat, a group of Minnesota public health specialists reported in last week's *New England Journal of Medicine* that an eightfold increase in drug-resistant food poisoning among Minnesotans directly followed the approval and use of the same drug in chickens.

While most of their patients got sick while traveling overseas—where overuse of antibiotics is even more widespread than in the U.S.—the scientists found evidence that the same thing is happening right here at home.

To be certain that farm animals were the source of the problem, the scientists performed an experiment that mixed molecular genetics with shoe-leather detective work. First they decoded a unique stretch of the resistant bug's DNA, and then they went shopping. They bought 91 chickens in local markets and, by tracking DNA, found that 14% were contaminated with exactly the same bug. Tracking the infections to the source, the scientists discovered that the birds

originated not from any single chicken farm but from farms across Minnesota and surrounding states—suggesting that the problem was widespread in the industry. Their conclusion: the antibiotic produced a resistant bug that was passed directly to consumers, probably through poor handling or undercooking. "[The link] is not hypothetical anymore," says Stuart Levy, director of Tufts University's center for drug resistance.

What makes the report especially disturbing is that the drug in question is a quinolone—one of a family of antibiotics that, with the spread of penicillin-resistant superbugs, have become the doctor's first line of defense. The U.S.

Food and Drug Administration considers the quinolones so important, in fact, that when the agency approved their use in animals in 1995, it insisted that their manufacturers establish a network to monitor for signs that drug resistance was spreading to humans. The monitoring programs of Abbott and Bayer, however, seem to have been less effective than Minnesota's, which was the first to notice that the chickens' antibiotics had come home to roost.

Now that the link has been established, will the FDA cut off the supply of quinolones to animals? Not likely—or at least not right away. Although the FDA is currently forming a plan for pulling antibiotics off farms and ranches when human resistance develops, the agency has yet to establish how much resistance is too much. It may be months before such thresholds are set. Meanwhile, the best advice to consumers is to wash knives, cutting boards and hands after preparing chicken and insist that it be cooked thoroughly, especially when traveling abroad. —By Dick Thompson/Washington



After quinolones were approved for farm use, resistance in humans increased eightfold



THRILL PARK



Universal's Islands of Adventure is a \$2.5 billion triumph of drama and design. Get set for a wild ride, Disney

By RICHARD CORLISS, ORLANDO

IN THE PRE-SHOW LINE FOR THE AMAZING Adventures of Spider-Man, visitors to Universal's Islands of Adventure learn that the Sinister Syndicate has hijacked the Statue of Liberty. Who can save her, and give the customers a six-minute jolt that will be worth every bit of the \$42 they've paid for a day at Orlando's newest theme park? Only Peter Parker, a.k.a. Spider-Man.

On this stunning, pummeling ride, visitors are strapped into a "scoop" (cab) that twists and lurches in the dark while 3-D images of destruction explode from 25 large movie screens to the accompaniment of cunning fire and water effects. Spider-Man jumps onto the hood of the scoop, Doctor Octopus shakes it like a gorilla with a new toy, Hobgoblin tosses flaming pumpkins, Electro makes malefic use of a giant socket plug, Hydro Man

SHOW BUSINESS

WEB OF ADVENTURE: Can Spider-Man help save the day—and Universal's bottom line?

do-bound kids to think "Universal." Though visitors have been filtering in since March, this week marks the official opening of Islands of Adventure, or I.O.A., and an adjacent area, City Walk, with shops, restaurants and lots of sing-along. The expanded park area, called Universal Studios Escape, has enlisted Steven Spielberg as a creative consultant.

Even these days, \$2.5 billion is a lot of dough to invest in rides and restaurants. For that money, you could finance 12 whole *Titanics* or 14 *Waterworlds*. What it gets Universal, in addition to I.O.A. and City Walk, is three lavish hotels, the first of which, Portofino Bay, opens in September. The plan is to challenge Walt Disney World as a full-service resort—a place where people can spend all their time and money.

Disney wants to hook the whole family with its homey, homogenized grandeur; U.S.F. and I.O.A. are aimed at the 9- to 15-year-olds, too hip for the Magic Kingdom but still young enough to tolerate a week's vacation with their parents. As consumers, these kids are warier. So the coasters are scarier, the flume rides hairier. Even I.O.A.'s Cat in the Hat ride, tailored for kids, may upset some young stomachs with its gyrations. Disney soothes, like a kindly grandma taking the toddlers for an afternoon stroll. Universal rattles and rocks: it is Bart Simpson baby-sitting Maggie.

At Disney they say, "The park is the ride"; it's a gestalt experience, artfully designed. At Universal they say, "It's the rides, stupid," and U.S.F. has some attractions, like the spectacular *Terminator 2 3-D* show, that almost make visitors forget the drabness of the décor—the rows of gray, blocky buildings, meant to evoke movie soundstages, which have given the place the look of a Stalinist workers' paradise.

I.O.A. blends the best of both strategies. In design it virtually out-Disneys Disney, and, on the 360° thrill rides, certainly outdazzles it. I.O.A. is stocked with familiar characters from Zeus to Seuss; with its imaginative attention to detail, the park is jazzy fun just to walk through. Toddlers could spend the day in Seuss Landing, a genial riot of DayGlo colors, where you can drink Moose Juice (turbo tangerine) or Goose Juice (sour green apple). In the Lost Continent area, you pass Magic Rock, which squirts water and speaks, with the droll sarcasm of a bachelor uncle roped into caring for some itchy 10-year-olds. "You have kids crawling all over you 24-7," it exasperates, "and see how chipper you are."

Each of the five "islands" has its own design appeal. The Lost Continent décor is

instant antique: imposing Athenian edifices that seem about to crumble before your eyes. Spider-Man and his Marvel superhero pals inhabit a comic-book-bright boulevard. Toon Lagoon is haunted by old favorites from the rotogravure, like Beetle Bailey and Dagwood. Jurassic Park's primeval foliage conceals a labyrinthine playground, a Discovery Center where you can see a raptor egg hatch, a Pteranodon Flyers ride that lets you soar above the park and a mechanical triceratops that pees and farts on cue. The beast, nicknamed Cera, allows a child to pet her—"unless the kid is wearing a Disney T shirt," jokes Mark Woodbury, who oversees the park's design. "Then she rips it to shreds."

You hear that kind of bantering trash talk from the Universal and Disney camps. A Walt Disney World executive, alluding to the high-speed roller coasters at the center of I.O.A.'s promotion, calls them "theme rides without the theme." True enough for some rides. The Incredible Hulk Coaster is similar to slinky steel screamers in nearby Busch Gardens, though it has some jet-propulsive refinements. Another thrill ride, Dr. Doom's Fear Fall, is supposed to extract "raw human fear" from the brains of its strapped-in victims, but it's just a fresh version of the Big Shot, a four-G slingshot perched 1,000 ft. above Las Vegas, atop the Stratosphere Hotel. Woodbury has already fine-tuned



spritzes everyone, and the scoop plummets what feels like hundreds of feet from the sky into concrete canyons that suddenly seem grand—Grand Guignol, that is. By the happy-ending salvation in a giant spiderweb, this out-of-body, out-of-mind experience reduces cynical theme parkers to bubbling kids. "Gee," they say as they stagger out, "that was the best ride—ever!" And the Universal bosses raise their fists in an unspoken "Gotcha, Disney!"

Ask children at a northern airport where they're heading, and they don't say Orlando; they say, with an almost desperate glow, "Disney." Walt and his successors turned Central Florida swampland into the country's top resort destination and, for decades, have virtually monopolized it. Now Edgar Bronfman's besieged company has spent five years and \$2.5 billion (on top of a previous billion or so for its Universal Studios Florida, or U.S.F., park, which opened in 1990) to get Orlan-



DUELING DRAGONS: You hang from a steel rail doing near collision loops at 60 m.p.h.



POPEYE & BLUTO: You get doused and dizzy on this swirling, high-speed carousel

this 40-sec. bungee blast. As he says, in flawless techno-speak, "We've upgraded the pulldown."

To compete with local water parks like Wet 'n Wild and Disney's Typhoon Lagoon, the Universal designers built a virtual water park into I.O.A.; half the rides take you to the edge of wetness and over. The Jurassic Park River Adventure plummets your boat past a snarling T rex and down a steep sluice to land with a cascading plop 80 ft. below. Popeye & Bluto's Bilge-Rat Barges take visitors on a whirling whitewater ride where you will get soaked. (The ride guides will tell you it's practically illegal to remove your footwear. Do it anyway and save yourself a day's walk in soggy sneakers.) You also get sprayed in the elaborate Sinbad stunt show, in the swirling vortex that leads you to the battle of the gods in Poseidon's Fury, and on the One Fish Two Fish Red Fish Blue Fish kiddie ride. Some days, of course, it'll just rain.

You can dry off and go nuts on the Dueling Dragons—two inverted, high-speed coasters that run in synch and, twice during the two-minute loop-the-loop, come within 2 ft. of crashing into each other. The Ice ride nearly skirts an adjoining castle. The Fire ride is even cooler; it has a camelback dip and lots more delicious twists. As a survivor giddily noted, "it catches you right in the back of the tonsils." And stand in the separate, front-row line to get the ride's full, giddy force; if you're going to fly, you may as well go first class.

Theme parks are an eternal work in progress. On a few basic ride genres (the coaster, the stunt show, the 3-D effects extravaganza, the bumpy-ride-plus-film that began with George Lucas' Star Tours), grownup kids are always looking for inventive story lines to harness to new techniques. As Woodbury says, I.O.A. is "a lot of evolution and a lot of revolution." Disney, with the Tower of Terror ride and its own 3-D smash It's Tough to Be a Bug, will surely be part of that revolution. But for now, I.O.A. is the glorious trendsetter in the huge theme resort that is Florida. The state of the park has reached state of the art. ■

A NEW PARK THEME: GLUT

WELCOME TO TROUBLELAND. ORLANDO, THE MECCA OF MEGA THEME parks, may have too much of a great thing. With seven large parks on the ground and more on the way, industry analysts are issuing dire warnings: "Orlando is now a zero-sum game," says Curt Alexander, an analyst with Media Group Research. "There will be bloodletting of biblical proportions." The theme-park glut promises bargains for consumers but a brutal shakeout that could pound the earnings of park owners Disney, Seagram (Universal) and Anheuser-Busch (Busch Gardens, Sea World).

Disney alone has built at least one park every decade since the Magic Kingdom appeared in 1971. Last year the company not only opened the gates to Animal Kingdom (reported cost: \$800 million) but also launched the *Disney Magic* (\$350 million), its first cruise ship in Florida. A second ship, the *Disney Wonder*, is on its way. Analysts see so little economic rationale for these expenditures that they've begun to label the ships "Tragic" and "Blunder." Disney's stock price has been taking on water. Yet the company still has enough land in central Florida to add three more parks. Indeed, there are rumors that a sports-themed park (Disney owns ESPN and several pro teams) is on the drawing board.

Determined to loosen Disney's choke hold on area tourism, Seagram's Universal division bought an additional 1,900 acres in the area late last year. That's enough for two more parks. Anheuser-Busch's Sea World, the third big player in central Florida, is adding a splashy new park in which visitors will be able to swim with the residents. That interactive attraction is scheduled to open next year.

The can-you-top-this? mentality has not only raised the ante for thrill rides but also driven up the cost of construction. "It's like an arms race going on in the entertainment industry," says Alexander. Finding workers to operate the parks is another headache. Disney, Universal and Sea World have had to raise their starting hourly pay to more than \$6 an hour (the federal minimum is \$5.15) to attract and retain employees.

This building boom is happening just when consumer demand for theme parks is softening. Attendance at the three older Disney parks dropped about 10% last year, according to *Amusement Business*, a trade magazine. The number of visitors at Universal Studios Florida and Sea World was flat in 1998, at 8.9 million and 4.9 million, respectively. The economic slump overseas slashed tourism to Orlando. But experts wonder whether the whole theme-park business is maturing, as the children of U.S. baby boomers get older and hence reduce the number of repeat trips. "I just don't think it makes a lot of sense to build more theme parks in Orlando," says Alan Gould, a media analyst with Gerard Klauer Mattison. "They've reached the saturation point, and profits are going to come down."

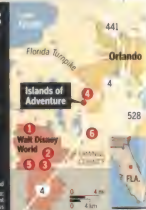
So will prices. The typical family spends about five days and more than \$1,000 in Orlando's parks. It's nearly impossible to see everything. As a result, every park is feverishly baiting tourists away from rivals. If you've ever had to spend an ungodly amount of money to wait two hours for a six-minute ride, this may be your chance to get even.

—By Bernard Baumohl

ORLANDO MAGIC

1998 attendance* (millions)

1	Magic Kingdom	23.6
2	Epcot	20.6
3	Disney-MGM Studios	9.5
4	Universal Studios	8.9
5	Animal Kingdom	6.0
6	SeaWorld	4.9



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Hugh's Sorry Now

And with two frothy new films, he's on the comeback trail

By ELIZABETH GLEICK
NOTTING HILL

IT IS LIFE IMITATING ART AS HUGH Grant strides up the road toward a popular bar in the heart of London's Notting Hill, the neighborhood, just around the corner from a travel bookstore suspiciously like the one he runs in *Notting Hill*, the movie. No cameras are rolling, no colorful extras mill about, but the sunglasses do little to disguise his identity, given that the rest of the Hugh Grant package—the blue shirt and khakis, the bounteous hair he repeatedly refers to as “floppy”—is reassuringly intact. And so is that Hugh Grant awkwardness; he somehow manages to walk straight past the restaurant before realizing his mistake, doubles back, comes in through a door with a sign on it advertising (What else?) *Notting Hill* and says sheepishly (How else?), “Sorry. You’d think I’d know how to get here.” No need, of course, to apologize. This is Hugh Grant. One can forgive him pretty much anything.

At least that's what he and the *Notting Hill* team are banking on. A sort of sequel to *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, at the time of its 1994 release the most successful British film ever made, the new movie follows the first in on it the following ways: both were written by the gifted comedy writer Richard Curtis; both star fabulously inaccessible (to Grant) American women—in this case Julia Roberts; both feature appealing groups of friends in varying states of loveliness; and both allow Grant to be the most lovelorn of all, a romantic hero in the deer-in-headlights mode that made him so popular in the first place. As *Four Weddings* director Mike Newell puts it, “Everyone wants Hugh to be the charming, beautiful, bumbling guy they know from *Four Weddings*.” And on that, *Notting Hill* delivers.



“I’m not a bungling, floppy-haired, upper-class twit—I really don’t think that bears a resemblance to me.”



HICKY BLUE EYES: Tripplehorn stars as a mobster's daughter and Grant, once more, as a hapless romantic hero

But therein lies the Hugh Grant problem—for there's been a bit of a problem. Even in a profession notable for its make-'em, break-'em lift-offs and plummets, Grant's career has had a greater sizzle, louder fizzle than most. Can anyone remember what he has done since *Four Weddings*? There have been a few films, either financial flops, like *Extreme Measures*; mistakes, like *Nine Months*; or period dramas more memorable for the performances of others, like *Sense and Sensibility*. Oh, and there was his most unforgettable role of all—international whipping boy of 1995 after that “lewd act” with a certain Miss Divine Brown in a BMW off Sunset Boulevard.

After these experiences, Grant, now 38, appears to be older, wiser and more rueful—but only in an utterly boyish kind of way. Of *Divine Brown*—and the headlines like CAN HOLLYWOOD EVER FORGIVE HUGH?—Grant says, “The day after all that happened, the head of Disney was calling me up to beg me to be in *101 Dalmatians*. Hollywood never had a problem with it.” Newell agrees: “People loved him, they forgave him. Once you’ve got that relationship with the [audience], they’re going to come and see you.”

The London-born, Oxford-educated Grant believes his rise, and hence his fall, was media generated. “This extraordinary Hugh Grant creation comes into existence and becomes more and more bizarrely different to me,” he says. “It’s this bungling, floppy-haired, upper-class twit—and I really don’t think that bears a resemblance to me, especially not with my new hair grease.” He runs his fingers through his hair for about the 80th time. “In the end all you can do is have a laugh.”

And go back to doing what comes naturally. After *Notting Hill* comes *Mickey Blue Eyes*, out in August from Simian Films, the production company he and his girlfriend Elizabeth Hurley formed in 1995. In this light comedy, produced by Hurley, he plays an art auctioneer who happens to fall in love with a New York mobster's daughter (Jeanne Tripplehorn). The film allowed Grant and Hurley, in the name of research, to hang out with genuine Mob types in Brooklyn. “They really adore Elizabeth,” says Grant. “They say, ‘My name’s Uncle Mikey, if there’s anything I can do for you, anywhere in the world, you come to me.’ Some of these tabloid editors here should be looking over their shoulders.” And the role lets Grant hone his dazed-and-confused act. While he disputes that

he has been typecast, he concedes that he is looking forward to working on the new Woody Allen film in July, in which he gets to play a villain.

Even there, though, his role is a "smoothie charmer," for onscreen and off there is no getting away from the fact that Grant was born to be the perfect dinner-party companion; he flirts, he pays attention, he jokes about his "Austin Powers teeth," he gives the term self-deprecating a whole new meaning. People forget, for instance, that before *Four Weddings*, he appeared in a string of what he calls "Europuddings"—but Grant is delighted to remind us. "I was always a champagne baron for some reason," he says. "I did Judith Krantz's *Till We Meet Again*. I was the villainous half-brother Bruno, who rapes Courtney Cox and steals all the family champagne and gives it to the Nazis—fantastic. And there's a very good one based on the Barbara Cartland novel *Cupid Rides Pillion*. I was the highwayman. When I'm uncomfortable in a role, my voice goes high, so it's quite amusing to see me jump out of the bushes with all

my sexy gear on and say"—he squeaks—"Stand and deliver!"

He's even happy to riff on his 12-year relationship with Hurley, the often scantly clad Valkyrie to whom he seems content to play the hapless chorus boy. "Elizabeth made me buy a house," he confesses, "and we spent two years having idiot, pretentious, criminal bozos decorate it. It's now completely hideous, and I'm quarreling with her because I don't want to live there. The shower

smells of dead people; I hate it." Instead, he hangs out in their old flat around the corner. "I go there and watch the football and drink beer. But I think that's healthy, isn't it? Maybe not."

For a man publicly adored for his boyishness, it must be hard to take on the trappings of adulthood. Perhaps that is why, despite signs of a comeback, Grant still pretends he is not fully committed to acting. "There's the ever-increasing prospect of just... stopping," he says. "It would be such bliss." He dreams of taking up writing again. In his lean years he wrote book reviews and comedy sketches; he even worked on a novel. "It was called *Slack*," he says, "and it was about someone with no job, strangely enough."

People who know Grant have heard this talk of quitting before. "He said that the first day I met him—that acting was no profession for an adult," says Curtis. "Maybe it is bull____," Grant admits, "but it is a sort of fantasy." It is also the one thing that audiences would probably never forgive. ■



Grant and Roberts glow in the totally charming and very smart *Notting Hill*

It is a process that screenwriter Richard Curtis (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*) and director Roger Michell (*Persuasion*) allow to develop

confidently, digressively. William, for example, finds himself obliged to pretend he's a journalist for a fox-hunting magazine interviewing all those connected with Anna's latest release, a horseless sci-fi epic, at a press junket. On another occasion, he's mistaken for the room-service waiter and patronized by her movie-star boyfriend (an uncredited Alec Baldwin, trying hard for noblesse oblige and delightfully missing the note).

But William's place is not entirely peaceful either. He has a hilariously loutish roommate (Rhys Ifans) who keeps muddling the relationship with Anna, a shop assistant who mistakes her for Demi Moore, a sister who becomes giddy-ly unhinged by close proximity to the famous. Above all, he can't protect Anna from the media frenzy attending discovery of some dirty pictures she posed for prior to her fame.

The movie turns persuasively on that point, but it is finally its casual knowingsness on everything from Anna's salary to the contractual prohibitions against excessive bodily exposure in her love scenes that gives the picture honest weight. That and the lead performances. There's winning tentativeness in the way Grant makes his way back to life from depression, an irresistible glow to Roberts when she forgets what she has become and is simply a girl who has found her unlikely Mr. Right. They are edgy charmers, and you have to wonder if the happy ending that concludes the picture will be permitted to last. But you can't help hoping—gratefully—for the best.

—By Richard Schickel

He Loves, She Loves, We Love

THE PROBLEM WITH ROMANTIC COMEDY HAS NEVER been getting the lovers together. The trick is to keep two people, obviously meant for each other, apart until they—and we—are crazed with frustration. But in the modern world, all the traditional barriers—most notably class distinctions—are breached all the time. There is apparently nothing to keep the boy from getting the girl for more than about two reels of a movie.

Nothing, that is, but the most obviously addling issue of all, the one that obsessively preoccupies everyone, namely celebrity. Why no one up to now has thought to use fame as true love's great obstacle is a nice question. But here, at last, is *Notting Hill*, and it makes something utterly charming—and very smart—out of the efforts of the world's most famous and desirable movie star, Anna Scott (Julia Roberts), and William Thacker (Hugh Grant), the world's most anonymous bookseller, to get together.

Their meeting isn't particularly cute—she just wanders into his shop on London's Portobello Road one day—and their attraction is distinctly muted. William's charm is of a musing, terribly English sort. He knows his place, which is deliberately narrow, unthreatening. She, in turn, has the wariness of the constantly stalked. She doesn't have a place. She is a bird of passage, always about to leave one movie location for the next. The film's comedy and crises arise out of their attempts to find a refuge where she can settle down and he can open up.

It's David Kelley's World: You're Just Watching It

He will have five series on the air this fall—and will write most of their scripts

By JOEL STEIN

WRITERS DON'T WORK VERY HARD. It's a lot of chatting and eating and television watching and, most of all, talking about writing. On the other hand, corporate lawyers, despite all their negative traits, are pretty efficient. That's the only plausible explanation for how David Kelley—a former lawyer and the creator of *Chicago Hope*, *Ally McBeal*, *The Practice*, this fall's *Snoops*, an additional new half-hour version of *Ally* and two upcoming feature films, *Lake Placid* and *Mystery, Alaska*—is able to write the great majority of the scripts for his projects. Joyce Carol Oates, I still can't figure out.

This fall, network television will reflect one man's vision in a way it hasn't since the heyday of CBS founder William Paley. Not only is Kelley taking back the writing duties for the opening episodes of CBS's faltering *Chicago Hope* (the one show he had ceded to a team of writers) and creating two new shows (*Ally* for Fox and *Snoops*, a P.I. series for ABC), but nearly every network is copying him—having just about abandoned the sitcom, they're trying out his surrealism-specked, hour-long dramedy format. Basically, if you don't like Kelley, you'd better buy a good cable package. "It is a little frightening," says Kelley, 43, laughing.

The scariest part is that Kelley's efficiency is so quaintly low key. He's in the office from 9 to 6 (he's got to get home to his wife Michelle Pfeiffer and their two kids) and writes all his scripts with a Paper Mate on a yellow legal pad, usually finishing a first draft in two days. "He trusts himself creatively," says Steven Bochco, Kelley's mentor when he worked as a writer

for L.A. Law. "He has pure talent, he has craft, and he has clearly found a way to tap into his imagination that doesn't take a lot of time. When you add to that a tremendous work ethic, that's a hell of a package." And, like most highly effective people, Kelley doesn't watch much TV.

The networks don't seem too worried that their Kelley shows are going to suffer from his increased fecundity. ABC Entertainment president Jamie Tarses, who will be depending on him for *Snoops* and *The Practice*, says, "We have David's guarantee that he's going to be there creating the footprint for [*Snoops*], getting it to the place where it's everything that he wants it to be. And frankly that's enough for us." CBS's Leslie Moonves agreed to renew *Chicago Hope* when Kelley offered to refocus the show, write a few episodes and oversee production. "For me," says Moonves, "that was good enough assurance."

That's because network execs know Kelley's probably going to wind up doing a lot more than he promised. In 1993, when he was only writing all 23 episodes of his one show, *Picket Fences*, he told

TRENDSETTER:
Others are trying
to copy his style

TIME, "I don't plan to continue at this pace. I wouldn't recommend it for anyone who factors longevity into his lifetime plan." He probably thought he meant that. But even earlier, as a busy lawyer who had never written before, he used the time while waiting for his court cases to be called to write the 1987 Judd Nelson movie, *From the Hip*.

And even though he'll have five shows on television, the new *Ally* won't have any new material. In a move never attempted by network television, Fox is going to "repurpose" previously aired episodes of *Ally McBeal*. Kelley will cut them down to half an hour centered on the comedy storylines and run them as a new, primetime series. He got the idea a month ago, when he was struggling to get his popular drama into the syndication market, where sitcoms do much better. "I have to admit, it's probably the first time in my life I've ever led with my business

nose," he says.

It speaks both to the networks' faith in Kelley and their desperation that Fox would take his clever syndication idea and use it to plug up its schedule. "The rest of the world is running *South Park* all week," says Fox Entertainment president Doug Herzog. "This is the way people watch TV now. We're no longer in control. The viewer is in control." Maybe one day. But for now, Kelley is. —Reported by William Tyman/New York

A Slate in Full

Each of his shows, from newcomer *Snoops*, right, to the veteran *Ally McBeal*, far right, will benefit from the Kelley touch

SNOOPS, 1999
ABC

ALLY, 1999
FOX

ALLY McBEAL, 1997
FOX

THE PRACTICE, 1997
ABC

CHICAGO HOPE, 1994
CBS



ABC asked Kelley for a hip take on P.I. shows. He says he'll probably write only a few episodes

Kelley will cut old *McBeal*s by playing down the courtroom and "kicking alive" the comedy and sex

For the past two seasons, he has written almost every antic episode. This isn't likely to change

Nearly as hands-on with this Emmy-winning legal drama, he'll probably script most episodes again

He returned to write the season finale, which got rid of much of the cast. He'll write the first fall shows too

TOP: JEFFREY MAYER



DANCE

Master of His Domain

A fine dancer emerges as a terrific dancemaker

By TERRY TEACHOUT

DROP BY LINCOLN CENTER WHEN-
ever a work by Jerome Robbins is
on the program at the New York
City Ballet, and chances are you'll
see a 26-year-old Brit with a long neck
and a big, bright smile. N.Y.C.B. soloist
Christopher Wheeldon is engaging and
reliable, and he knows how to make the
most of a Robbins role. But last week he
swapped his tights for a business suit to
take a bow with 62 children from the
School of American Ballet as 2,000
dancers yelled their heads off. The
occasion was the premiere of his own
Scènes de Ballet, which confirmed what
balletomanes have been saying for the
past couple of seasons: Wheeldon is not
only a fine dancer; he's also the best
young ballet choreographer around.

Unlike dancemakers who favor the
hard-edged, stripped-down contempo-
rary idiom that he crisply dismisses as
"technoballet," Wheeldon is an un-
abashed classicist. His style, a bracingly
confident fusion of George Balanchine's
structural clarity with the sunny lyricism of
Frederick Ashton, is respectful of tradition
without stooping to imitation. He's also a
sucker for tutus, toe shoes and moonlit pas
de deux. "I don't have much angst in me,"
he says. "I love to be romantic."

That's evident in *Scènes de Ballet*, set
to the delectable score by Igor Stravinsky.
Ian Falconer's set depicts a ballet class-
room bisected by a barre and an imagi-
nary mirror; the cast is similarly divided
into "real" dancers and their "reflec-
tions." At one point, a child gazes into the
mirror and her image vanishes, replaced
by two teenagers who dance together rap-
tulously as she looks on, spellbound.

But Wheeldon can do much more
than conjure up spun-sugar fantasies.
The witty *Soirée Musicale*, which the
school premiered last year, for instance,
contains a show-stopping tango in which
a femme fatale picks up new partners
one by one, eventually dancing with a
dozen admirers simultaneously. And
Corybantic Ecstasies, given its premiere
in March by the Boston Ballet, is a tough-
minded, tautly argued work that shows
off Wheeldon's ability to infuse the dis-
ciplined language of classical ballet with
high emotion.

Born in Somerset, England, Whee-
don entered the Royal Ballet School at
nine and started making up his own
dances shortly thereafter. Hired by the
Royal Ballet in 1991, he spent two restless
years in the corps. Fascinated by the
ballets of Balanchine, N.Y.C.B.'s founder,
he left for New York City and took class
with the company. "If I hadn't done
that," he says, "I might still be back in
London, standing on the side of the stage
holding a tray." Instead, ballet master in
chief Peter Martins, always on the look-
out for promising young male dancers,
offered him a job.

Robbins promptly cast Wheeldon in
Dances at a Gathering, his signature
piece. Martins, after
looking at videotapes of
dances Wheeldon had
made as a student, invited him to
do one for the School of American
Ballet in 1994. Three years later,
Wheeldon choreographed his
first work for the main
company: *Slavonic Dances*, a
folk-flavored ballet with a fire-

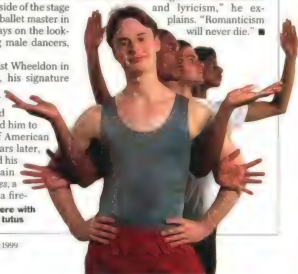
CLASSICIST: Wheeldon, here with
his corps, is a sucker for tutus

eating solo for Monique Meunier, the
company's most exciting young balleri-
na, drew critical raves and kicked off a
new phase of his career.

Wheeldon's speedy rise to the top is
partly due to a nearly complete lack of
competition. The top American chore-
ographers, Robbins and Eliot Feld except-
ed, have mainly preferred modern dance
to ballet. Hungry for premieres, classical
companies are increasingly turning to
modern crossoverers like Mark Morris and
Twyla Tharp, whose highly personal re-
workings of ballet technique are often
refreshing but rarely idiomatic. While a
few regional ballet masters are doing
interesting work, none to date have
won much more than local celebrity.

Small wonder, then, that companies
coast to coast are clamoring for Whee-
don's crowd-pleasing yet intelligently
crafted ballets. This summer he'll be
making his first dance for the San Fran-
cisco Ballet and his second, a new version
of Stravinsky's *Firebird*, for the Boston
Ballet, as well as working on a dance-
themed film by Nicholas Hytner (*The
Object of My Affection*). "If a company
calls and I have the time," he says
cheerily, "I'll do it." There's just one
catch: if they want somebody trendy,
they'll have to call somebody else. "Ballet
has to move forward, yes, but it doesn't
have to lose its magic and romanticism

and lyricism," he ex-
plains. "Romanticism
will never die." ■



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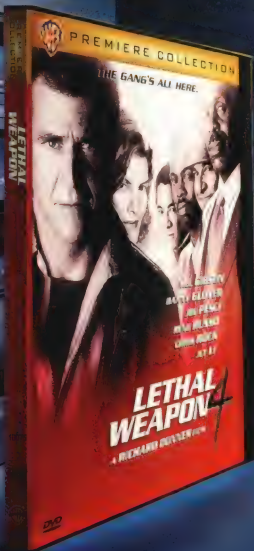
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Mocker of All Styles

Edgy and elusive, Germany's Sigmar Polke flits through the image haze of consumerist society

By ROBERT HUGHES

THE SHOW OF EARLY WORKS ON PAPER by the German artist Sigmar Polke, which runs through June 16 at New York City's Museum of Modern Art, is a bit of an anticlimax. Much has been expected of Polke. He is one of the two painters—the other being Anselm Kiefer—who rose to the top of the enormously promoted pack of “new” German artists in the 1980s and remained there when others dropped away or became, like Georg Baselitz, with his crude upside-down figures, formulaic bores.

The contrast between Kiefer and Polke couldn't be sharper, of course. Kiefer (whose drawings were recently shown at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art) is oratorical, Wagnerian; he is a flat-out mythomane, dedicated to the Sublime, the Enormous and the Ultra-German; a marvelous artist at his best and at his worst a Black Forest ham. Polke is thinner, weirder and more elusive. His work—whose basic nature developed during the period covered by this show, from 1963 to 1974—is a hard-to-read image haze formed by the overlay of Pop art on Germany's postwar consumer society and its emblems, refracted through a needling, ironic and sweetly anarchic temperament.

Polke depends not just heavily but entirely on the “appropriation” of visuals from all manner of sources, from comic books to ads, from news photos to William Blake. He skips and flitters like a frenetic troll through this forest of images without feeling the least impulse to make narrative sense. His work has the rambling, no-rules character of a dopehead's

monologue. Indeed, just as Filippo Marinetti, leader of the Italian Futurists 90 years ago, called himself “the caffeine of Europe,” so one of Polke's doodles, of a glass tube with powder spilling from it, is titled *Polke as a Drug*, 1968.

How high you get on him depends on your cultural expectations. Polke has

to subvert “the elitist mythologies of artistic creation and production.” And so forth. Such claims are counters in a solemn Lupatun game whose object is to ratify the countercultural status of a given artist and thereby justify his (or her) prompt entry into the cultural pantheon.

There are times when you feel that if you hear the words elitist or subvert just once more, you'll barf. So when MOMA's Margit Rowell, who in the past has curated some intelligent shows on Constructivist sculpture, Brancusi, Antonin Artaud's drawings and other topics, affirms that Polke's vernacular has “regenerate[d] the language and meaning of Western artistic experience,” and sug-



THE RIDE ON THE EIGHT OF INFINITY, II (THE MOTORCYCLE BRIDE), 1969-71

influenced a slew of younger American painters, and been hailed as the man who set painting in the '80s free—as if it had been languishing in bondage before!—by reviving, once more, the spirit of Dada that breathed through such movements as the Fluxus group in the '60s. He's the arch-trickster, mocking all art styles, sending up the dreaded Canon. (The fact that no work of art by a famous artist these days can safely be considered really and truly outside the Canon seems not to have dawned on those inside the Museum of Modern Art.) His strategy, according to MOMA, is

gests that he is the Hieronymus Bosch of our day, you sigh. Polke has never shown a smidgen of the aesthetic intensity, the absorption in religious and moral experience or the staggering completeness of Bosch's universe of images. This has to be the silliest comparison since Julian Schnabel last likened himself to Picasso.

Which is not to deny that Polke is an intriguing artist, and no respecter of pomposity. Sometimes his drawings have a deadly bite, solely as one-liners. One consists simply of an L, drawn in black ink on a page from a notebook. Its title, typed below, is *Higher Beings Command*:

Paint an Angle! The date is 1968—a time when art circles in Germany, and the U.S. too, were still given to overheated “spiritual” rhetoric about the transcendent powers of all sorts of abstract art, from Kandinsky and Malevich through Barnett Newman. As an art joke, it gets close to the mustache on the *Mona Lisa*.

Still and all, Polke's smaller drawings get fairly monotonous en masse, though their edgy defiance of taste can be pleasurable, particularly in the earlier work. Drawn in ballpoint pen, the least aesthetic medium imaginable (no variation of line, just scribble-scribble and hatch-hatch), they take very ordinary objects—doughnuts, cheap shirts, cakes, rapidly smiling hausfraus and the omnipresent German sausage, which for Polke is the essence of what he called “Capitalist Realism”—and present them in full inanity as a comment on the ordinariness of objects of desire. Sometimes a touch of political comment comes in—at least that's what seems to be going on when he does Nixon and Khrushchev as potato heads—but it isn't a hard poke, more a distanced tweaking. As a satirist, Polke doesn't come close to 19th century Germans like Wil-



POTATO HEADS: NIXON AND KHRUSHCHEV, circa 1965

helm Busch, whom he clearly admires.

The best things in the show are four enormous drawings on pasted-up sheets of paper, collectively titled *The Ride on the Eight of Infinity*, 1969-71. These are both obscure and curiously impressive: a yowling torrent of images

that relates at one end to Polke's enjoyment of fast motorbikes and at the other to the German physicist Werner Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, which asserts—to put it in the simplest terms—that reality isn't stable but discloses itself only in shifting contexts. Some artists in the '60s doted on Heisenberg, particularly when stoned, and Polke more than most. These drawings inundate you with their turgid stream of consciousness; they have the character of trance utterances, but don't ask what they mean.

(The catalog isn't a whole lot of help on that either.) But they carry a swarming and visceral conviction, their surfaces contain some beautiful passages, and at least they're not, as too many of the later small pieces are, just another Polke, like any other Polke. ■

POLKE: COURTESY OF GALLERIA KRISTINA; POTATO HEADS: COURTESY OF GALLERIA KRISTINA; THE RIDE ON THE EIGHT OF INFINITY: COURTESY OF GALLERIA KRISTINA

the poultry anatomy

A man in a dark suit and white shirt is sleeping peacefully in an airplane cabin. He is reclined in his seat, and his eyes are closed. Above him is a large, white, cloud-like thought bubble containing text. The background shows the interior of an airplane with blue overhead lighting and window frames.

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Sex, Lies and Semiotics

David Foster Wallace casts a wry eye on romance



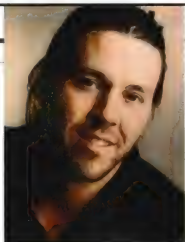
DAVID FOSTER WALLACE's *Brief Interviews with Hideous Men* (Little, Brown; 274 pages; \$24) is a mixed bag of 23 essays and short stories that display a range of intellect and talent that is unseemly for any one writer to have, let

alone show off. Like the author's earlier work, this collection is designed to keep readers from getting too comfortable. You know the feeling if you had trouble keeping up with the plot lines, arcana and footnotes that spread like kudzu through the 1,000 pages of Wallace's 1996 novel, *Infinite Jest*.

Wallace is not what is now sneeringly called an elitist. But he is a bit of a pedagogue. Under the dazzle, his writing is often instructional. The hideous men and a few frightful women in the new

book exemplify what can go wrong in a society when the romance of individualism turns inward—and loosens restraints. In one story a father exposes his penis to his son as if it were a threatening club. Elsewhere a man exploits his deformed arm to seduce women. "Inside my head," he says, "I don't call it the arm I call it the Asset."

Once Wallace gets our gawking attention, his deviants become like the Krafft-Ebing case histories in *Psychopathia Sexualis*, grotesque illustrations of fundamental errors in personal relations. To what point? Wallace suggests coyly that *Hideous Men* is meant to interrogate the reader, to elicit fresh responses to horrors that have lost their edge in the age of information overload. Sometimes this works; when it doesn't, we get a facetious exercise like the "pop quizzes" in *Octet* that pose dire situations mimicking academic test questions.



POSTMODERN: Hideous men; women too

When it comes to more socially accepted sexual relations, Wallace cautiously leans toward nurture rather than nature. "Today's postfeminist era," he writes, "is also today's postmodern era, in which supposedly everybody now knows everything about what's really going on underneath all the semiotic codes and cultural conventions... and so we're all as individuals held to be far more responsible for our sexuality." It sounds good on paper. But on the evidence in this strikingly original collection, it won't work between the sheets. —By R.Z. Sheppard

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BOOKS

Out of Tune

Vikram Seth's *An Equal Music* will sadden fans

A FEW YEARS AGO, THE MISCHIEVOUS British media tried to fan the flames of a feud between Indian authors Salman Rushdie and Vikram Seth by reporting that Rushdie had dismissed Seth's epic 1993 best seller, *A Suitable Boy*, as nothing but a "soap opera." Seth denied that Rushdie had been snide, but it is a measure of Seth's extraordinary skill and versatility—his first novel, *The Golden Gate*, was a tale of San Francisco written entirely in elegant verse; *A Suitable Boy* was the opposite, a marvelous, sprawling, and gripping tale of Indian family life—that one wonders if his latest book, *An Equal Music* (Broadway Books; 381 pages; \$25), is simply his little joke. Perhaps he is say-

"I've been so hungry to speak of music—and to play it with someone who understands me as I was before ..."



ing to the Rushdies of the world, *You want to see soap opera? I'll show you soap opera.*

For *An Equal Music* is almost unbearably sudsy, a huge disappointment for the legions of *A Suitable Boy* fans waiting to see what magic Seth could possibly spin next. Crammed with intriguing detail about the world of classical music, it is the story of Michael, a violinist in a string quartet, who is reunited with his long-lost love, Julia. But the writing is more than a little groan inducing: "She kisses me. I hold her in that soundless room, far from daylight and the traffic of Bayswater and all the webs of the world. She holds me as if she could never bear to let me desert her again." Excuse me? In addition to doing fastidious research among violin makers and chamber players, has Seth also undergone immersion therapy in the complete works of Judith Krantz?

True to any soap opera worthy of the name, the reader does race ahead, eager to see how it will all come out. But this time around, Seth appears to have hit a flat note.

—By Elizabeth Glosick

BOOKS

VAPOR By Amanda Filipacchi Anna Graham, this novel's sardonic narrator, wants nothing more than to be an actress, but is worried that her personality is too overpowering. So she sets about to obliterate it. Her efforts are soon joined by Damon Wetly, a scientist who magnanimously kidnaps Anna, reasoning that by breaking her will, he'll help her become a better actress.

Questions on the nature of identity—is it fixed or fungible?—arise throughout Anna's captivity and its aftermath, but the amusingly absurd plot moves too swiftly to address them, opting instead for a tone that is rewardingly escapist. —By Michele Orecklin

A DANGEROUS FRIEND By Ward Just's 12th novel revisits Vietnam in the mid-1960s, where Sydney Parade, an American sociologist and a decent man with a dented idealism, signs on with a quasi-official mission to buttress the civil government. With the war as distant thunder, Just's tightly drawn characters play out a small, tense drama that foreshadows the tragedy to come. Former journalist Just demonstrates again that fiction still has the authority to tell us how the world works, how good intentions can have bad ends and how men and women can live with the consequences. —By R.Z. Sheppard

MUSIC

COME BY ME Harry Connick Jr. Connick is a showman's showman, a star of films, a reviver of trends (youthful swing) and a sharp dresser besides. Given all his flair, a central point can get lost: he's also a masterly jazz performer. After a few ill-advised recent forays into funk and balladry, Connick here returns to form. Sure, the album could do without some of the slower numbers, but there's a lot to love—the spark-

ling title track, a rendition of *Time After Time*. Connick's vocals are deft and his piano playing fluid. A swing and a hit. —By Christopher John Farley

STEREOTYPE A *Cibo Matto* Cibo Matto inhabits a strip of sonic territory between the hip-hop nation and the Land of the Rising Sun. The Japanese-American performing duo of Miho Hatori and Yuka Honda released a debut CD in 1996, *Viva! La Woman*, that was an impress-



ible delight, fusing hip-hop rhythms with elusively poetic lyrics about culinary cravings. The duo's new album is more about vocal harmonies and hooky melodies. A few of the songs are four-ambulance conceptual disasters. But most of the tracks have a strange sweetness to them, leaving you feeling as though you've bitten into a fruit you can't quite identify. —C.J.F.

CINEMA

BESIEGED Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci Shandurai (Thandie Newton) is an African political refugee working as a housekeeper for Mr. Kinsky (David Thewlis) while studying in Rome. He plays the piano and



silently lusts after her. This is understandable; she is heartbreakingly beautiful. Bertolucci has made an essentially silent film about this obsession, and that is understandable too. But there's also a portentousness in the silence that's distancing and annoying, especially since it leads to a too perfectly ironic ending that O. Henry might have hesitated over. The film is visually murky as well, lacking the sumptuousness we associate with this director. —By Richard Schickel

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Anita Hamilton

Hot Wheels

How I found in-line-skating Nirvana amid all the high-tech design hype

SOMETIMES THE BEST TECHNOLOGY is hardly any technology at all. At least that's what I thought last week as I whizzed through Central Park for the 10th time in half as many days on a spiffy new pair of in-line skates. With surprisingly little sweet talking, I had convinced my editor that the latest models deserved a critical, hands-on—or rather, feet-on—look.

In-line skating is one of the fastest-growing sports in the U.S., with some 32 million devotees. And along with its growing popularity has come an array of new designs and high-tech materials, from carbon-injected plastic to glass-reinforced nylon. But I didn't really care about all that techie mumbo-jumbo. I just wanted a skate that felt fast, light and, above all, comfortable.

After a few trial runs through the halls of the Time & Life Building (and a few raised eyebrows), I rolled out onto the street with my friend Maryanne and a pair of Rollerblade's new Nature skates. A fancy version of the metal strap-ons I wore as a kid, the \$190 Natures are in fact hiking boots that clip onto a plastic frame with wheels. The great thing about these skates is that when we came to a slope that seemed too steep, we just popped off the frame and walked down, dignity intact. The two-piece construction felt surprisingly stable; the boots, however, just didn't fit right. They were available only in whole sizes meant for men and women alike (always a big mistake), and were too

wide and tall. They felt to me like space boots. Maryanne pronounced them ugly.

Next up were the Outback Xs. These \$250 skates weren't much of a fashion statement either, but we were fearless on them. Made with built-in shock absorbers and extra-large tires filled with air bubbles, they cruised over potholes, manholes, dips and bumps. But they felt stiff and clunky, especially going uphill. And although they were the right size, my feet ached no matter how much I fiddled with the buckles.

K2's Escapes (\$399) seemed more promising. A flexible hinge on the bottom was supposed to let me fully extend my leg for a fast, natural stride. But the skates were downright painful. There was too much padding around the lower leg, and part of the skate dug into my inner ankle. I had another pal, Jillian, test them in her size, and her foot got so badly chafed that she had to wear Band-Aids the next day. "You couldn't give these to me for



MISERY AND BLISS: Clockwise from left, Salomon TR8, Rollerblade Outback X, K2 Escape and Rollerblade Nature

free," Jillian said, somewhat redundantly.

Finally I slipped into Salomon's TR8s (\$330). They were so soft and comfortable I feared I would lose all sense of reason. So I had my co-worker Mac, a serious skater and tough critic, test them out too. "It feels like your foot is wrapped in a pillow," he said. After a couple of loops around the park, Mac decided that they felt a little "loosey-goosey" on the top of his foot. He also was worried that their flashy design would ruin his East Village hipster reputation. But my goose wasn't loose, and I like attention. More important, I was skating faster than ever. Sure, the Outback Xs were smoother on bumps, and the Natures handier for running errands, but for pure skating joy, the TR8s win my vote. ■

For more on skates, visit skating.com. Send questions for Anita to hilton@time.com



LISTENING FRILLS For those nights when the rest of the house doesn't want to fall asleep to the roar of the *Jurassic Park* sound track, Sony has come out with the wireless MDR-DS5000, the first headphones that

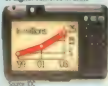
reproduce Dolby surround sound—offering that "you are there" feeling when it's time to be quiet. If that's music to your ears, you might consider the price tag—\$550—and opt instead for 75 trips to the multiplex.



STARTING TO CLICK Grandma's In box will never be the same. Digital cameras, once just a techie's toy, are being snapped up by the mass market. According to a new study by IDC, a Massachusetts-based research firm, falling prices and improved quality will drive shipments to 22 million by 2003.

The new cameras are popping up everywhere; even Barbie has one. Still not convinced? Say cheese. Grandma wants to get that on disk.

Predicted total worldwide sales of digital cameras in units



A NEW SPIN When CD players first arrived in 1982, audiophiles complained that the tiny digital recordings lacked the warmth of

analog LPs. Now Super Audio CD, a new format co-created by Sony and Philips, uses a simplified digitization process to put the subtlety of LP sound on clear, hiss-free compact discs. SACD debuts this month in Japan, and will go on sale in the U.S. in the fall. The true test? Whether a generation raised on Discman can tell the difference.

—By Rebecca Winters

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Amy Dickinson

Family Legends

Memorial Day is a great time to gather the clan—and better if we remember to remember

IN MY FAMILY, MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND MEANS IT'S time to plant the annuals and wash the porch. It's the traditional start of summer, when bicycles get

pulled out of the garage and everyone tries to squeeze into last year's bathing suit. Kids start dreaming in color again. On Memorial Day, several dozen members of my extended family gather at a park near my rural hometown in upstate New York to eat barbecued chicken and deviled eggs. Afterward we play softball while my Uncle Harvey limbers up

his lawn chair. But for us the best thing about the holiday is the part that has become an afterthought for many people—the remembering.

We gather at the family plot in the ancient local cemetery to remember loved ones and hear about relatives we wish we had known. The grownups plant flowers and bicker over who does the weeding. Children five or under get buckets to haul water. The older kids wander off to check out the fancier monuments of our neighbors. When the work is done, we sit on the grass and talk about our family.

We read down the list of ancestors, going back to the Revolutionary War, whose names are etched on our granite memorial, and trade snippets of their lives. There is my great-uncle who, in mid-life, ran off with the circus. His sainted wife's stone sits forlorn, wedged into the grass. We also celebrate the ordinariness of our ancestors—the soldiers, teachers, farmers and parents who spent purposeful lives in this little town. Our visit to the cemetery is where we work out our connection to these people, and to one another.

Psychologists stress the importance of ritual in binding families together, and Memorial Day presents a great opportunity. This year, if you're driving to the beach, turn off the car radio and explain to your kids why everyone has the day off. On the way out of town, swing by the war memorial. Your kids may see it every day, but now



A LOCAL PARADE can be a good place to explain to kids why we honor veterans

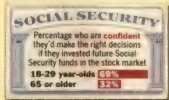
you can explain what it is there for. Lucky to live in a time of relative peace, they need to be taught that we honor the sacrifice of others. Find out if there's a parade nearby, the kind with high school marching bands, little kids with streamers on their bikes, and beribboned old veterans—the people for whom this day was created.

If you're doing yard work over the holiday weekend, get your kids to help you plant an oak sapling or lilac bush in memory of a loved one or just to mark the day. Pull out a photo album or a box of old pictures. Then help your children sort out the names and faces of people they've never met but would probably have enjoyed. Tell them stories about their family, even if you can dredge up only dim memories or anecdotes—like the one about my mother, who once found an alligator in the kitchen eating out of the cat's bowl. This is how they will learn that for better or worse, there is no family like theirs.

Teach your kids that Memorial Day isn't just about Kool-Aid and Wiffle Balls. Before you stoke up the grill this year, raise a glass to the people who came before you—those who fought for our country or tended the home fires—and help your family celebrate its past. ■

E-mail Amy at timefamily@aol.com, or write her at TIME, Suite 850, 1050 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, D.C., 20036

THAT'S MY MONEY! If you want to start an argument among the generations in your family, just bring up the latest proposals to fix Social Security. A new study by the Kaiser Family Foundation, the Kennedy School of Government and National Public Radio shows that 71% of Americans ages 18 to 29 favor partial privatization of the system. Half of those 65 or older oppose such a move. But 60% of the young and 58% of the elderly agree that Washington hasn't managed the program well.



A MAN'S HOME IS HIS OFFICE If you thought most people working at home were women with kids, you would be

wrong. A recent Home Based Employment & Family Life study shows that men account for 59% of those whose office is at home. Typically, such a worker is a 44-year-old man in a field like sales or contracting.

JUST LISTEN The State of Washington's Children study reports that children are far less likely to engage in risky behavior like getting pregnant, dropping out of school or selling drugs if they feel they have the opportunity to share their views with a trusted adult. One way many savvy parents bond with their kids is by turning off the radio and drawing them into conversation during those long drives from school to sports practice or to a piano recital. A

study by the Surface Transportation Policy Project shows that the typical mom spends more than an hour a day chauffeuring kids. —By Daniel S. Levy





Christine Gorman

It Sure Ain't Butter

Two new spreads can lower your cholesterol—but you have to use them for the rest of your life

I DON'T ASK A LOT FROM FOOD. IT SHOULD TASTE good and be reasonably good for me. But more and more these days we're encouraged to view the grocery store as a medicine chest. There are tofu and yams for hot flashes. Ginseng tea for energy. Stewed tomatoes to prevent prostate cancer. So when I heard about Benecol and Take Control, the new margarines that are supposed to lower cholesterol levels in the blood, I didn't exactly smack my lips in anticipation. Still, I figured, given how much heart disease there is in the U.S., they deserved a look.

Both spreads come with pretty good scientific credentials. The key ingredient in Benecol, which was approved last week by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, comes from a compound that occurs naturally in pine trees. Take Control, which got the green light in April, uses an extract made from soybean oil. Randomized,

controlled trials show that folks with mildly elevated cholesterol levels (between 200 mg/dl and 240 mg/dl) who ate roughly two tablespoons of Benecol a day decreased their level of LDL, the "bad cholesterol," about 14%. The manufacturers of Take Control, on the other hand, designed their product so that it would lower LDL levels 10%. Neither spread affects the level of HDL, or "good cholesterol." Which product would work better for you, if it works at all, depends a lot on your own biochemistry.

Both Benecol and Take Control make it harder for the intestines to absorb cholesterol. (About half of the cholesterol in the gut comes from your diet; the other half gets produced by your body.) There is evidence that the active ingredients can pull some vitamin A precursors out of circulation—although researchers did not consider the reduction significant.

So how do the spreads taste? In a highly unscientific study, my colleague Janice Horowitz and I sampled both products. Without telling Janice which was which, I spread Benecol, Take Con-

trol and regular margarine on three pieces of whole wheat bread. Then she did the same for me. Overall, we found all three tasted pretty much alike, although Janice described a "funny mouth feel" after eating the cholesterol-fighting spreads. I found Benecol marginally less tasty.

Neither product is calorie free: both contain mostly polyunsaturated and mono-

unsaturated fats. So if you eat too much, you'll be sure to gain weight, which can raise your cholesterol levels all by itself.

Nor will the spreads do you any good if you spend all your waking hours in front of a television or computer screen.

The biggest catch is that you have to eat three servings a day for the rest of your life.

When test subjects stopped using the spreads, their cholesterol levels crept back up within a week. It's sort of like taking medicine—medicine that costs as much as \$5 for a week's supply.

Let's face it: even though these designer margarines appear to be safe now, who knows what we'll learn about hundreds of millions of people have eaten them? If you want to be part of a giant experiment that could very well save you from a heart attack but might expose you to unknown risks, be my guest.

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GOOD NEWS

COLD FRONT This may seem out of season, but researchers are getting closer—just a little—to curing the common cold. An experimental remedy called tremacamra



seems to cut the severity of cold symptoms in half, with no bothersome side effects. When sprayed in the nose six times a day, tremacamra blocks the site where cold viruses latch onto cells. Don't toss the tissues yet.

Tremacamra was tested on only one cold virus; there are hundreds more out there.

ALLERGIC TO SHOTS? When doctors test for allergies, they often use a method that's scary enough to send anyone into a wheezing fit: they inject up to 50 allergens under the skin and then wait to see which causes a reaction. But the practice may be unnecessary. In pinpointing, for example, cat allergies, the shots turn out to be no more effective than lightly pricking the skin with an allergen or simply testing the blood.

BAD NEWS

RAW DEAL Three recent outbreaks of salmonella poisoning—two in San Francisco, one in Washington—have been traced to cheese made from raw cow's milk. What makes this particularly worrisome is that the strain of bacteria in all three cases is resistant to most antibiotics. The very young, the old and folks with compromised immune systems are most susceptible. Best bet: buy pasteurized cheese.

BABY BLUES

Postpartum depression is no fun for Mom, but scientists say it's pretty bad for infants



too. A new report shows that depressed mothers and their newborns both have high levels of the stress hormone cortisol and that an infant's cortisol level remains high for months—even after Mom's level returns to normal.

—By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: "Cold News," *Journal of the American Medical Association*; "Bad News," *Journal of Allergy and Clinical Immunology*; S170; "Bad News," *JAMA*, 1/13/99; American Psychiatric Association meeting.



For years and years you did whatever
was necessary to keep dangerous objects out of
your child's mouth.

TEENS WHO SAY THEY HAVE LEARNED A LOT ABOUT THE RISKS OF MARIJUANA

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CHILD ABOUT MARIJUANA.

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NEED TO KNOW." DON'T LET THE WORDS GET CAUGHT IN YOUR MOUTH.

**Office of National Drug Control Policy
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James J. Cramer

Yeah, Day Traders!

There's good reason to join the trading frenzy—just remember that it's tougher than it looks

SO YOU WANT A PIECE OF ME? THINK YOU'RE SUCH a hotshot e-trader that you should quit your day job to pit your wits against me and my fellow professionals, who swing around millions of dollars in stock a day without blinking? At one time, I would have laughed if you had even contemplated such a thing. You couldn't match my access to conference calls, information or quick brokers. You couldn't afford the \$1,500 a month you'd need for a Reuters, Dow Jones or Bloomberg wire.

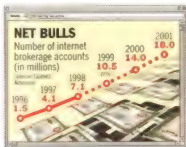
But these days there is so much great information available via the Internet that I no longer have much of an edge. And on-line trading execution, while suffering from occasional outages, equals anything I can muster with all my direct wires and trading turrets.

The truth is there has never been a better time to attempt to trade for a living. The opportunities for short-term profits in the stock market, given the new wild swings we have seen, can't be dismissed as unworthy or foolish. That hasn't been true for most of this 17-year bull market, when only wacky, thin, corrupt or heavily shorted stocks jumped enough to make a short-term triumph possible. And for most of that period, commissions were so high that they ate into those gains for all but the biggest traders, who got discounts from their brokerage firms.

Neither is true now, though. In the past few weeks, deft traders have been able to make 15 points on IBM in one day or make 6 on 3M or Alcoa, Eastman Kodak or Hewlett-Packard. These are marquee Dow names, not heavily manipulated penny stocks or hyped Net offerings. You could "scalp" a huge gain simply by buying these stocks at the opening and selling them at the bell.

Sure, the tax code favors those who hold 'em. And America has made a hero of Warren Buffett, in part because he had a predilection to own, not trade, during a phenomenal period to be long stocks. But where is it written that holding for eons makes you a sage and owning for a few minutes makes you a fool?

So why not do it? Why not try to be like



that guy in the ad—you know, Al, who owns his own country but drives a tow truck because he likes helping people?

O.K., I'll give you a reason. Because it's hard—really hard—to get the direction right, even with all that great info and terrific execution. We

have enjoyed the bull market of a lifetime, one that has seen the Dow go up more than 8,000 points, and yet every day thousands of issues go down or disappear or blow up. And while you hear periodically of the day trader who earns enough to retire, you don't hear about them any more than you do about lottery winners.

To me, there is a happy medium here. You can use the more level playing field to great advantage. You see a product you like, a store you enjoy, a way-cool website—now you can do more work on it in your spare time than ever before. You can get e-mail alerts about it. You can chat about it with others. You can get comfortable with the fundamentals as never before. And if it goes down, you can buy more rather than kick it out in a panic. If your tax situation permits, you can take a quick gain without having it eaten up by commissions.

In short, you can make a profitable hobby out of it, and probably, given the poor returns of the billion-dollar behemoth mutual funds versus the Dow, outperform the pros as never before. Just don't quit your day job. I already have all the competition I need. ■

James J. Cramer runs a hedge fund and writes for thestreet.com. This column should not be construed as advice to buy or sell stocks.

WEB WARS

Attention, e-shoppers: Online stores are now doing silly things to attract your business, including, it seems, selling dollar bills for 50¢. Last week Amazon.com upped its discounts on best sellers (hardcover and paperback), from about 30% to 50% off list price, a money-losing move that rivals Barnesandnoble.com and Borders.com quickly matched. Meanwhile, Shopping.com has introduced a 125% satisfaction guarantee, and Onsale.com and Outpost.com are offering free shipping.



NO CHARGES If you have a gripe with American Express, don't expect to make your case in court. Starting next month, the company can bring customer disputes to arbitration, which, it says, is the most efficient way to settle claims.

This will also help the company avoid juries. BankOne and Bank of America have similar rules for Visa and MasterCard, but Citibank does not.



HIDDEN PROFIT Just because a mutual fund bears the name of a firm doesn't mean that firm is managing your money. In fact, a growing number of investors, whether they realize it or not, are pouring cash into subdivided funds. These funds are farmed out by the likes of Vanguard and Dreyfus to outside managers with special expertise. That's a good thing, according to a recent study, which showed that subdivided funds, especially in growth, health and emerging-market

stocks, initially outperform, by up to 0.5% annually, their in-house peers. Two such choices are Enterprise Growth and Dreyfus Appreciation. —By Daniel Eisenberg



Source: Financial Research Corporation

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Mary Vandebroek's husband Ron had a highly successful wine brokerage business. But at age 49, he discovered he had something else — terminal cancer.

Fortunately, he also had foresight. Though he knew his business could be sold if he died, his life insurance provided Mary with the money to keep the business and run it. Today, employees still have their jobs; customers still have their fine wines; and Mary is keeping Ron's dream alive.

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Mary Vandebroek



A MAN FOR ALL CABINET POSTS



Last week NBC announced that veteran actor **MARTIN SHEEN** will star as a fictional President in *The West Wing*, a series to debut next fall. This will not be Sheen's first trip to the Oval Office. In fact, over the course of his career, he has frequently traipsed through the halls of power (including a tour in the Armed Forces as General Robert E. Lee in the 1993 film *Gettysburg*). Anxious as we are for *The West Wing*, we're still waiting to see what Sheen could do with a sensitively written role for one of Washington's real power positions, like, say, Secretary of Transportation.



ATTORNEY GENERAL
Robert F. Kennedy
Missiles of October, 1974 TV Movie



PRESIDENT
John F. Kennedy
Kennedy, 1963 TV Movie



WHITE HOUSE COUNSEL
John Dean
Blind Ambition, 1979 TV Movie



CHIEF OF STAFF
A.J. MacInerney
American President, 1995 Movie

Didn't She Read Hemingway?

You may want to sit down for this: it turns out bullfighting is a sexist sport. Last week **CRISTINA SANCHEZ**, 27, the world's premier female matador,



STYLING: GAILLE LORAIN FOR

retired, saying she was no longer willing or able to battle the machismo of her male colleagues. A professional since 1996, Sanchez last year became the first woman to perform in Spain's hallowed Las Ventas ring, a triumphal appearance in which she proved she could sever a

bull's ear with the best of them. Since then, however, Sanchez says her male counterparts have effectively blackballed her from choice venues. "The bullfighting world is made by and for men," she said, "but I still have the pride that I've made history." And she'll have the severed ears to prove it.



You Thought You Had a Bad Day

The man chasing frenetic actor **ANDY DICK** down an L.A. street last week was not looking for an autograph. After Dick crashed his car into a utility pole and fled the scene, a civic-minded bystander chased, caught and restrained him until police arrived. Dick was later charged with driving under the influence and possession of marijuana and cocaine. The arrest came hours after NBC announced it would not renew Dick's series *NewsRadio* and capped a troubled season for the comedian who can charitably be called eccentric. After a stint in a rehab clinic last year, Dick was threatened with arrest for allegedly exposing himself during a performance at the University of North Florida in Jacksonville. In March he partied with actor David Strickland hours before

Strickland killed himself. Dick's reps say he will enter rehab again this week.



STRICKLAND: DICK/OUTLINE; DICK: TONY THOMAS

Feud of the Week

NAME: Michael ("Do not call me Roger") Moore

OCCUPATION: cranky documentary

AGE: 45

BEST PUNCH:

Angered by Goldberg's lack of respect for "the privacy rights of others," trained a camera on her apartment windows and beamed the live pictures onto the Internet



NAME: Lucianne ("Do not call me Rube") Goldberg

OCCUPATION: cranky book agent

AGE: 63

BEST PUNCH:

Mindful of Moore's hatred of tabloids, Goldberg deflected the camera's view by posting large signs over both her windows reading "I Love the National Enquirer"

WINNER: GOLDBERG; GRANTS HERSELF IMMUNITY FROM NATIONAL ENQUIRER SCRUTINY

Lance Morrow

The Boys and the Bees

The shootings are one more argument for abolishing adolescence

WE HAVE INSTALLED TWO COLONIES OF ITALIAN BEES IN a clearing beyond the apple orchard. They have settled into the hives, and, with a single-mindedness that is funny and impressive, go about the business of their miraculous, strange little universe. I watch them with almost parental affection—the buzzing, teeming clockwork, the workers cleaning cells, guarding the front door, foraging for nectar; the short, fat drones, fatherless and stingless and indolent, swaggering about, hoping to get lucky with a virgin queen.

The analogies between keeping bees and raising adolescents are interesting. Both form highly developed societies that seem an alienated parody of our own. In both we glimpse, through the looking glass, intricate social lives and blind cruelty, the tendency to swarm occasionally, the secret language of waggle dances, the cliques, the stings, the feckless love lives of the drones.

One difference is that bees in the hive are ruthlessly serious about work—even, in a daffy Darwinian way, the drones, which, in any case, pay dearly for their sexual pleasures. They die as they ejaculate, killed by the queen, who merely requires their sperm. Their function fulfilled, they die. In the human hive, the drones carry condoms in their wallets. Bees do their jobs; if they do not, the whole outfit dies. From birth, bees are very serious about being bees.

Humans, on the other hand, have turned the long stretch from puberty to autonomy into a suspended state of simultaneous overindulgence and neglect. American adolescence tends to be disconnected from the adult world and from the functioning expectation (the hope, the obligation) of entering that world and assuming a responsible place there. The word adolescence means, literally, growing up. No growing up occurs if there is nothing to grow up to. Without the adult connection, adolescence becomes a neverland, a Mall of Lost Children.

In an op-ed article in the *New York Times* last week, Bard College president Leon Botstein had this suggestion: "The American high school is obsolete and should be abolished." It's a thought. As Botstein says, "At 16, young Americans are prepared to be taken seriously ... They need to enter a world where they are not in a lunchroom with only their peers."

Maybe we should abolish adolescence altogether. Not the biological part, of course—the turbulent growth spurt and mental/physical/social adaptation. We are stuck with that. But it would be nice if we could get rid of the cultural mess we have made of the teenage years. Having deprived children of an innocent childhood, the least we could do is rescue them from an adolescence corrupted

by every sleazy, violent and commercially lucrative fantasy that untrammelled adult venality, high-horsing on the First Amendment, can conceive.

Our deeper trouble should be sought at sources that lie upriver, a generation in the past. Abolish adolescence? We should have thought of that 30 or 35 years ago and terminated what became the prolonged adolescence of the baby boomers. The grown-ups in charge in the '60s lost control of American society. The moral center of gravity shifted from middle-aged authority to youthful impulse. So did the commercial center of gravity: the boomers were a gold mine. Now we live in an enduring vacuum of grownups, taken from us in the way that blight obliterated the American elm.

We struggle, wistfully, to re-create some vanished adult faculty of judgment, remembering bits and pieces of commonplace old wisdom as we go (insights such as this: maybe kids need supervision). Robert Bly had it right: "Adults regress toward adolescence; and adolescents—seeing that—have no desire to become adults." We defined adulthood down.

I think of Bill Clinton, who came out of a '50s world and as


a teenager had enthusiastic, precocious relations with grownups. But oddly, he stayed a precocious boy.

His entire life has been a dramatization of the grownup problem. His struggle to become an adult has played before the world in excruciating detail. The other day I took *The Catcher in the Rye* up to the edge of the bee yard and sat reading it for the first time in 35 years. J.D.

Salinger's book, published in 1951, is one of the founding documents of American adolescence. I guess—and an early source of the baby boom's self-image of sanctified youth. I

was startled to find an exchange I had forgotten. Holden Caulfield, being expelled from prep school, is wearing a long-billed red hat. A pimply kid named Ackley jeers at it, saying it's a "deer shooting hat." "Like hell it is," Holden replies. He squints, as if taking aim. "This is a people shooting hat. I shoot people in it." Holden is kidding, of course.



A full-page advertisement featuring Kermit the Frog in a professional studio environment. Kermit is dressed in a dark grey turtleneck and a brown tweed suit jacket and trousers. He is holding a clear glass of milk in his right hand and has his left hand in his pocket. He is standing on a wooden crate, with his right foot resting on it. The background includes a brick wall on the left, a plain grey backdrop in the center, and studio equipment like a boom arm and light stands on the right. The lighting is soft and professional.

Milk isn't just for tadpoles.

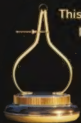
Did you know 3 out of 4 adults don't get enough calcium?
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got milk?

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